The Outlook

Volume 143 July 7, 1926 Number 10

The Horrible Expense of Prohibition

PROHIBITION, it appears, is too expensive; it has cost too much to acquire and it costs too much to maintain.

That, at least, is the logical construction to be placed on the flaring headlines and colored comment—mostly by newspapers that have always been unfriendly to prohibition—on some startling and shocking revelations recently made in Washington.

Wayne B. Wheeler, bored as full of holes as a colander by Senator Reed's gimlet, admitted that the work of the Anti-Saloon League has cost about one cent per person per year for the past thirty years. The total of what has been spent in that third of a century is estimated by Mr. Wheeler at $35,000,000. It is this astonishing total, not the insignificant one cent per capita per annum, on which the headlines play.

Also, General Lincoln C. Andrews, chief prohibition enforcement official, went before the Appropriations Committee of the House and asked for twenty-five cents per capita to be used in prohibition enforcement during the next fiscal year. Twenty-five cents does not sound, and is not, large. So it is the grand total, $29,000,000, that is used to make prohibition sound like too expensive a luxury. But it turns out that of this sum, $15,000,000 is to be spent for building Coast Guard vessels and the like. Prohibition enforcement is only a part of the Coast Guard's work. The actual expense of prohibition enforcement, therefore, narrows down to perhaps fifteen cents per person.

It is not likely that the American people will regard that as an extravagant expenditure for enforcing a law which gives effect to an integral part of the Constitution of the United States.

With what the Anti-Saloon League has spent or will spend, the people as taxpayers are not concerned. The Senate committee that brought out the facts—a special committee appointed to investigate expenditures in the Republican primary in Pennsylvania—appears to have had very little legitimate concern with it. Something like $800,000 of Anti-Saloon League money, it appears, has been spent in Pennsylvania since 1919 (that is, on an average about $150,000 a year), but there is still nothing in the record to show that any part of it had anything to do with the Republican primary, and certainly the rest of the $35,000,000 had nothing to do with it.

Still, Senator Reed's committee has forced the statement from Mr. Wheeler that the Anti-Saloon League of America, through its National and State organizations, has spent sums of money equivalent to about one cent per year per person of the population of the United States

Who Defeated the Haugen Bill?

THE Haugen Bill—at once the most radical and, for the radical purpose sought to be accomplished, the most efficacious, of all the proposed agricultural relief bills—has received its final defeat in the Senate by a vote of 39 to 45. It had the unalterable and open opposition of the Administration. Yet, as has been so frequently the case at this session, the Administration position was sustained not by the Republican majority so much as by a coalition of conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats.

The defections from the Administration Republican ranks were both more numerous and more violent than on any previous "show-down." Such Senators as Cummins of Iowa and Watson of Indiana, ordinarily thick-and-thin Administration supporters, became the leaders of the revolt against the Administration on the Haugen Bill. Administration support west of the Mississippi, so far as the Administration party is concerned, almost vanished. It consisted of Phipps of Colorado and Shortridge of California. Borah of Idaho voted against the bill—not, however, because he opposed its provisions, but because he believed it unconstitutional in form. Warren of Wyoming was paired against it. There is no record of how Smoot of Utah stood, since he was absent and unpaired; but even if all Western Republicans who did not vote for the bill counted as being against it, the total is only five.

The Administration was more fortunate with regard to Western Democrats. King of Utah, Walsh of Montana, Reed of Missouri, Sheppard of Texas, and Robinson of Arkansas, not to mention Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana, which State may or may not be counted as west of the Mississippi, voted against the bill.

And How Will It Affect Whom?

IF caucuses had been held to determine the attitude of the two parties, the Haugen Bill would have been defeated in both, but more decisively in the Democratic caucus. There would have been a Republican majority of one and a Democratic majority of six against it.

Perhaps it is futile to discuss motives or significances, but both are interesting subjects of speculation.

There are, to say the least, indications that the pressure for so-called agricultural relief is so strong west of the Mississippi River and in some agricultural States east of it that Senators, despite their loyalty to the Administration, were unable to withstand it.

The twenty-one Democrats who voted against the bill were, of course, not particularly anxious to help the Administration. They justified their position on the ground that the Haugen Bill would confer a special privilege, essentially similar to special privileges conferred under Republican tariff laws, and that the Democratic Party is traditionally opposed to special privilege. The tariff, in a certain sense, was as much in the minds of Senators as were the economic features of the Haugen Bill.

It is an interesting fact that most of the Western Senators who voted against the bill on its merits—all of the Republicans and several of the Democrats—represent constituencies whose main agricultural products are strongly protected under the existing tariff law: sugar in Louisiana, Utah, and Colorado; citrus fruits and other orchard products in California; wool in Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana.

The ultimate effect of the defeat of the Haugen Bill remains to be seen. The immediate effects were declarations of

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war on the protective tariff and efforts by the Administration to secure adoption of an alternative and, in the opinion of Administration leaders, less radical form of agricultural relief law. The President issued a statement calling upon the Senate to pass the Fess amendment to the Jardine Co-operative Marketing Bill. This is quite similar to the Tincher Bill in the House. Under the Fess plan, however, the farmers' co-operative organizations would have no voice in selecting the members of the Farmers' Marketing Commission. The President later indicated that he would accept revision of this point so that members of the Commission would be nominated by the co-operatives, as provided for in both the Tincher and Haugen Bills.

Despite its vehement opposition to the Haugen Bill, the Administration has gone far since Congress convened toward meeting the demands of the agricultural leaders. In his Message to Congress and in his address of the preceding day to the American Farm Bureau Federation the President proposed nothing beyond scientific assistance through the Department of Agriculture in the co-operative marketing of farm products. This proposal was embodied in the Co-operative Marketing Bill which took the name of the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Jardine. A little later, after the storm in the corn belt began to blow lustily, an Administration measure was drawn providing for more direct aid. Still later, as the storm grew, this was withdrawn and the Tincher Bill was substituted, providing for a revolving fund of $100,000,000 and a farmer-selected Farmers' Marketing Commission.

Quite evidently, the weight of the Western pressure has been felt elsewhere than in the Senate chamber.

Agricultural relief will be an issue in the Congressional elections this fall, and very likely in the Presidential election two years hence.

The American Peerage

SCOFFERS have referred to the British peerage as the British beerage. Nevertheless, in spite of the influence that money and "the trade" have had in the acquirement of titles of nobility, there is a certain advantage in the practice of handing out knighthoods, earldoms, and the like in recognition of public service or distinguished ability. In America the Government cannot hook handles on in front of people's names; so our American colleges seem to think that they must supply the lack by attaching the handles to the backs of the names. Of course, most academic degrees are academic. They are for the most part real evidence of scholarship in some grade. But no commencement season goes by without the granting of honorary degrees to men whose claim to distinction is not that of scholarship at all, but some other form of achievement, often as worthy or even worthier. Perhaps George Fisher Baker, the eminent banker, has intellectual interest above the ordinary, but his achievements have been in the field of finance and railroading. If he were an Englishman, he would have been in succession Sir George Baker, Viscount Erie, and the Earl of Troy. Being an American and donor of the sum endowing the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard, he gets from Harvard an LL.D. Perhaps some day our universities will provide a special degree for the intelligent wealthy who give to good causes—and, say, for the unintelligent the Latin initials for pounds, shillings, and pence—L. S. D. No one wishes to undervalue the benefactions of our wise leaders of industry, but the value put upon them cannot be accurately expressed in terms that have been held sacred to the achievements of the scholar and the *savant*.

Naval Academy Appointments

SOME weeks ago The Outlook commented on the fact that the Naval Academy at Annapolis was used only at about half its capacity for turning out educated seamen. The result of The Outlook's comment was a number of inquiries from interested fathers who had failed to get their sons named for entrance. Of course, it is Congress, as Commander Stapler points out on another page, that is responsible for the present limitation on the number of midshipmen. We note, with interest, that the report of the Board of Visitors for 1926, just issued, recommends an increase in the number of appointments allotted to Senators and members of Congress from three to four each. As there are ninety-six Senators and four hundred and thirty-five Congressmen, this would mean an increased potential of five hundred and thirty-one students, which would go far toward filling the unused space in classrooms.

Incidentally, the law now provides for the selection of one hundred young men from the enlisted force of the Navy for cadetships and twenty-five from the Naval Reserve.

The "Upstairs Jeweler"

FOR years past, up and down the Pacific coast, a trade fire has been smoldering which recently has burst into flame. The struggle has been between the so-called upstairs jeweler and the large jewelry merchants of San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles who do their business in the usual way "on the street," and are obliged to pay for the privilege a much higher rent than that required from their upstairs rivals. As a result of this reduced overhead the upstairs jeweler is uniformly able to undersell the downstairs man and, as a consequence, the downstairs jeweler has been seeking, so it is claimed, to freeze out the man upstairs by cutting off his supply from the wholesalers.

Within the last few weeks the Federal Grand Jury in Los Angeles has taken action in the matter, and has issued indictments against twenty jewelry establishments, including nine in San Francisco. The indictments are brought under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and charge restraint of trade and other practices designed to drive the upstairs group out of business.

The Government alleges that the conspiracy was carried on through the Eighteen Karat Club and that wholesalers and manufacturers who refused to withhold their goods from the price-cutting trade were placed on the black list. Our correspondent in San Francisco reports that dozens of jewelers from that city were subpœnaed to Los Angeles recently to testify before the Grand Jury there.

The case is, of course, one of National importance. In cities like San Francisco and New York, where ground space tends to become more and more limited, the only way in which the trader can escape the steadily rising rental on the ground floor is by sacrificing the advertisement of a shop window and going upstairs. It is, however, claimed by the "legitimate" jeweler that, in the present instance, the much-advertised price-cutting by the upstairs man is not genuine. The goods sold at the cut rate, he contends, are inferior goods, and the custom of the upstairs jeweler largely depends upon misrepresentation. However this may be, the decision of the Federal courts in Los Angeles will be

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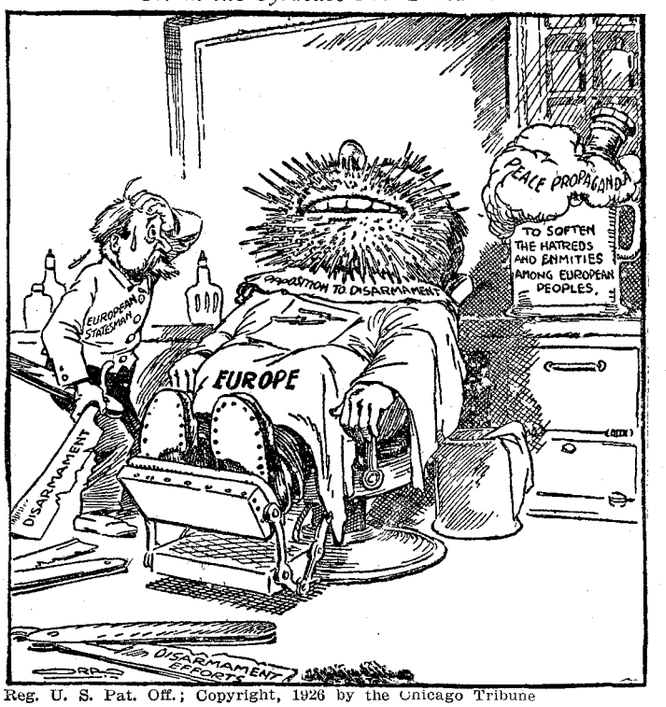
Which puts some of us in distemper

(The Winter's Tale, Act I, Scene 2)

Orr in the Syracuse Post-Standard



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyright, 1926 by the Chicago Tribune

Maybe if he'd try lathering 'em up good they'd come off easier

From Ella La Toirette, Syracuse, N. Y.

Alley in the Wall Street Journal

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PLAY "CONQUEROR", LITTLE MAN. BUT BE SURE TO PLAY IT RIGHT HERE IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!
MUSSOLINI
ITALIAN COURT
THE GENTLE OLD WORLD

And he'd better listen to his grandma, too!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Sykes in the Syracuse Post-Standard

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"Just as ee-eazy"

From Mrs. A. E. Evans, Syracuse, N. Y.

Rollin Kirby in the New York Morning World

The crusader's return

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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awaited with interest not only by upstairs and downstairs jewelers throughout the country, but by upstairs and downstairs traders of all descriptions.

Passenger Airplane Service

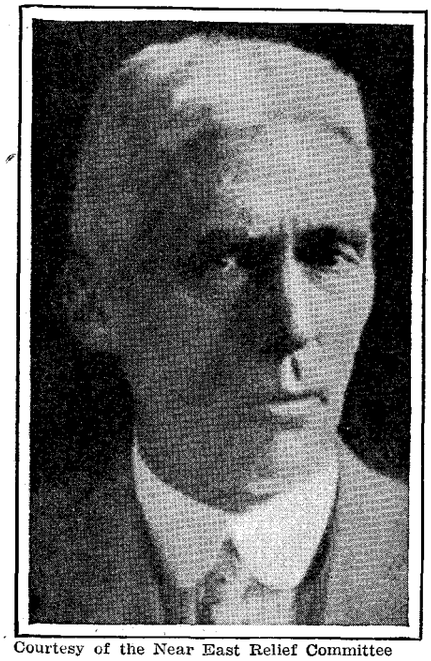
THE Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is preparing to operate a line of air travel between Philadelphia and Washington during the Sesqui-Centennial period, and, perhaps afterwards, if it succeeds. Fokker planes will be used, carrying ten passengers each. These are represented to be of an improved design and superior to those which in the aggregate are now giving ten thousand miles a day of regular service in Europe. The flying field at the Philadelphia Navy Yard will be used as a terminal. It is interesting to learn that the London-Paris service transported twenty thousand passengers during 1925. President Thomas E. Mitten, in making his announcement, observes that he found the European planes "used very generally by business men, and that elderly ladies, who years ago would have been found knitting by the fireside, now gleefully and confidently use the air service."

Cleveland H. Dodge

A CAREER of notable philanthropy closed on June 24, when Cleveland H. Dodge died at Riverdale, a suburb of his native city, New York. He was sixty-six years old, and came of a family that for a hundred years has been doing things for human welfare with a liberal hand. Chairman of the Board of the Phelps-Dodge Metals Corporation, he gave the greater share of his time to matters outside of making money, though much came to his purse. Fourth in line of his family continuously to show an interest in human welfare, he became a rather notable exception to the rule that riches demoralize. Vice-President of the American Museum of Natural History, he was also President of the Board of Trustees of Robert College, in Constantinople, and one of the chief supporters through this interest of the Near East Relief—the largest benefaction ever carried on by Americans. His son, Bayard Dodge, is President of the American University in Beirût, an inheritance of the share the family has taken in the Near East for more than half a century.

A graduate of Princeton, Cleveland H. Dodge was a classmate of Woodrow Wilson, and contributed liberally toward Wilson's two contests for the Presidency. He got the "Cleveland" in his name from his great-grandfather, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, also grandfather to Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States.

During the war he directed the United War Relief, which raised $170,000,000 for the use of the Y. M. C. A., the



Courtesy of the Near East Relief Committee

Cleveland H. Dodge

Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., and the work of the Red Cross.

Mr. Dodge's contributions to charity and education, if totaled up, would amount to a great sum. He handed $1,000,000 to the Red Cross in one check, and his minor benefactions were numberless. Last year he presented $500,000 to the Near East colleges.

News about Ancient Art

TWO recent announcements bid fair to bring this century closer visually to the splendor and art of the Roman Empire.

Lake Nemi, one of the most beautiful spots in the world, is less than twenty miles from Rome. Its bed was originally the crater of a volcano. In ancient times it had a temple and grove to Diana; the head priest held office under the singular tenure that he must have killed his predecessor or rival for the office. The place as a result was a resort of two classes—ambitious cutthroats and pious nobles who came to reverence Diana.

The ruins at Nemi have long been productive in coins, statuettes, and other relics of the past. Now it is proposed to bring to light two "golden vessels" over 200 feet each in length, with decks of porphyry and gold or gilded rails. They have long ago been explored in part by divers and many interesting articles have been recovered. The best theory seems to be that these were sacred floating temples used in the worship of Diana. They probably date from the time of Caligula—that is, about the first half of the first century of our era.

Not long ago Mussolini, who loves to associate his directorate with ancient Rome in every way, proposed to have these boats raised. There have been attempts in the past; but, although the ships can be seen from the surface on a clear day, they are so deep in the mud as to make it a hard and expensive task to get them up. Now an apparently better scheme has been proposed by Senator Ricci, one of Mussolini's experts. It is simply, by boring a conduit, to drain off the water from Lake Nemi to Lake Albano, which is on a lower level. The chance of success seems good and the possibility of finding art treasure strong.

The other announcement is that of the finding of what is believed to be the only contemporaneous copy of Phidias's marble head of Olympian Jove. The find was neither in Greece nor in Rome, but in Africa, at the ruins of Cyrene, once capital of a Roman colony. Professor Guidi, who found it, says that it formed part of an enormous statue of Jove, Jupiter, or Zeus, as you choose to call him. The general appearance of this head by Phidias is well known, because it was copied, from the original or some replica, on many Roman coins and gems; but this is the first time that it has been found in marble and of more than life size. It will, in all likelihood, prove a splendid addition to the world's art and archæological treasure.

Building a New Super-Telescope

A TELESCOPE several times as large as the world's present largest is the probable promise of some remarkably interesting research in which Professor G. W. Ritchey, of the University of Chicago, has been quietly engaged in Paris for the past two years, and which is still going on. If his new method of making the large concave mirrors which are the essential part of the reflecting type of telescope turns out as successful on very large mirrors as it already has on those of medium size, Professor Ritchey says

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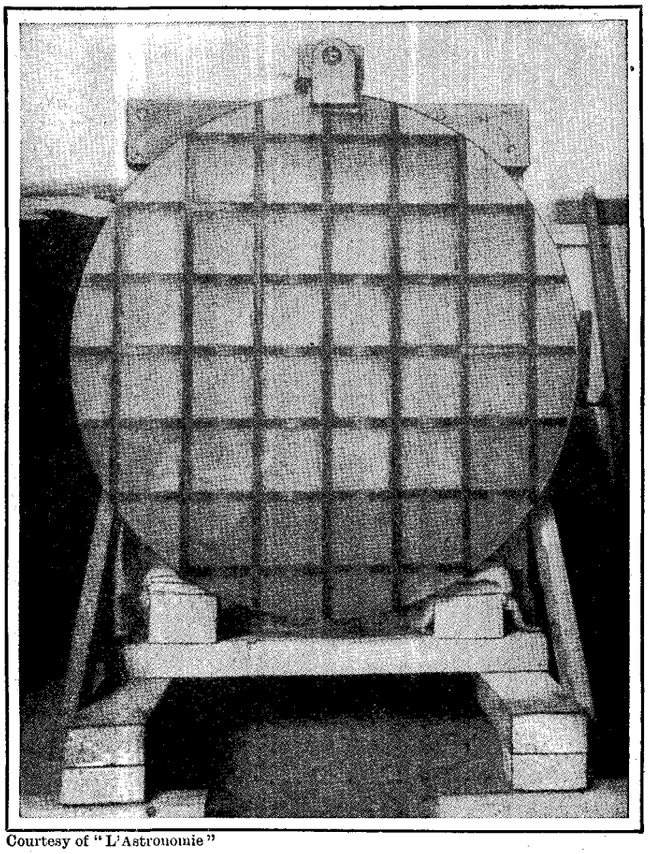
he believes mirrors fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and possibly twice as large as that, may be used with success.

At present the largest telescope mirror in use is the one—perfected by Professor Ritchey—at the famous Mount Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena, California. It has a diameter of eight feet five inches, a thickness of thirteen inches, and a weight of four and one-half tons. Professor Ritchey is regarded by astronomers as the greatest living expert at refining those beautiful optical surfaces—"paraboloids," they are called—that must be brought to such minute geometrical precision that they pass optical tests whose criterion of exactness is almost a single millionth of an inch. These mirrors have heretofore been made by hollowing the front surface of a solid, heavy, thick disk of glass. Instead of this, Professor Ritchey has found it feasible to build up a light but equally rigid skeleton structure on which a comparatively thin piece of glass is supported. It is this lightening of the mirror which gives promise of making possible a telescope far larger than any we now have.



A photograph of the first cellular mirror constructed by Professor Ritchey

The supporting structure shows plainly through the thin, slightly concave disk—later to become a mirror—to which it is cemented

Courtesy of "L'Astronomie"

Extending Our Vision Still Farther

In the ordinary telescope very thick disks of glass have been essential in order to avoid distortion. In a measure this has been self-defeating, for it has been found that changes in the temperature of the atmosphere around the mirror expand or contract its outside more rapidly than its inside, because the heat is conducted more rapidly through the outside. This, in turn, alters the perfect paraboloidal curve of the mirror and impairs the images of the stars. A thin disk of glass, could it be supported rigidly—absolutely so—yet be reached on both sides by the air, would, on the contrary, scarcely be affected by changes in temperature. Here is the very crux of the question of making telescopes of indefinitely large size.

What Professor Ritchey is now doing is to build an open framework of thin strips of glass cemented together edgewise, and to cement a disk of glass less than one inch thick to this framework. Such a built-up mirror weighs only one-fifth as much as the ordinary solid disk of equal diameter, and it has already been proved to hold its shape rigidly under working conditions. Starting with a small mirror built on this new principle, Professor Ritchey has now constructed one about five feet in diameter. Larger ones are to follow as this genius, whose art in its more expert form is known only to a handful of men in the whole world, patiently tests out each increasing size.

Such a telescope would be used for exploring still farther the vast universe of stars and nebulæ of which our planet, solar system, and it recently appears our very galaxy, are but an infinitesimal fraction. Turned on Mars, however, such a great telescope would be of little more use than those we already have. In fact, it has been shown that amateur astronomers using inexpensive telescopes only a few inches in diameter can see as much of the elusive detail on that planet's surface as professionals can see through the largest telescopes now in existence. In the main, modern astronomers are far more interested in solving the problems of the universes than of the planets.

"Front Racing" Wins on the Water

In two splendidly fought regattas, the historic Harvard-Yale dual affair on the Thames and the geographically representative meeting over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course, the winner turned up as the master of-two-crew generalship.

While there were eight crews in the Varsity event that Washington took by fifteen feet on the Hudson, the battle was between only two eights all the way; these two the richest in experience and most powerful. The only surprise in the result at Poughkeepsie, so far as the two leaders were concerned, was the confidence with which the Navy allowed an admittedly great organization like Washington to get as far out in front as two lengths of open water at the two-mile mark. It was not until then that the sailors really began to row. They cut down the lead, but were still dangerously far back at the bridge. Then came one of the greatest bids for victory ever seen on the Hudson course. It was too short of results by fifteen feet. Washington, deliberately adopting the "front race" generalship, just managed to hold out for victory. Undoubtedly the front position had something to do with it. There is just a little psychological advantage in that position, all other things being about equal.

The Thames saw another bit of superbly gauged "front rowing" when Yale defeated Harvard's reorganized eight by two and one-half lengths. But in this case the generalship was altered under fire and perforce. Ed Leader, the coach, had planned the same waiting race that his Elis rowed last year, but Laughlin, the stroke, sent the boat away to such a

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beautiful start that in the very first minute he decided not to let it go to waste, but to put the burden of proof on the Crimson and keep it there. Harvard, one of the most powerful eights ever sent down from Cambridge, made a gorgeous bid for victory in the fourth mile, and managed to cut down Yale's lead a length, but the Eli shell had too much in reserve. It was another triumph for Leader's coaching finesse, but credit must go to a thinking crew, able to change its battle plan under fire.

West vs. East

THERE were two especially bright spots in the performances of crews other than the Navy and Washington at Poughkeepsie, performances that in a way marked a resuscitation of Eastern prestige. These were the impressive victory of Columbia's freshmen, under the recently installed system of coaching under the Glendons, *père et fils,* and the taking of third place in the Varsity event by the Syracuse pupils of Jim Ten Eyck, dean of America's rowing coaches and the wisest old waterman of them all.

Since the avalanche of Western coaches had reached the peak of the slide it had become the fashion to maintain that the Eastern coaches were out of date. Yet here was a man seventy-eight years old getting, out of material at Syracuse not to be compared with that either of the Navy or of the "huskies," results that upset many of the pet theories of the Washingtonians. The coaches who have come East from Washington have been practically unanimous in condemnation of Ten Eyck's style. The "Old Man" has smiled grimly, said nothing, and hoped to get a boat-load together that would show the Westerners something. He could not match the material, and he was handicapped by an unusually hard winter, but he did restore something of the waning prestige of the Eastern ice-locked crews.

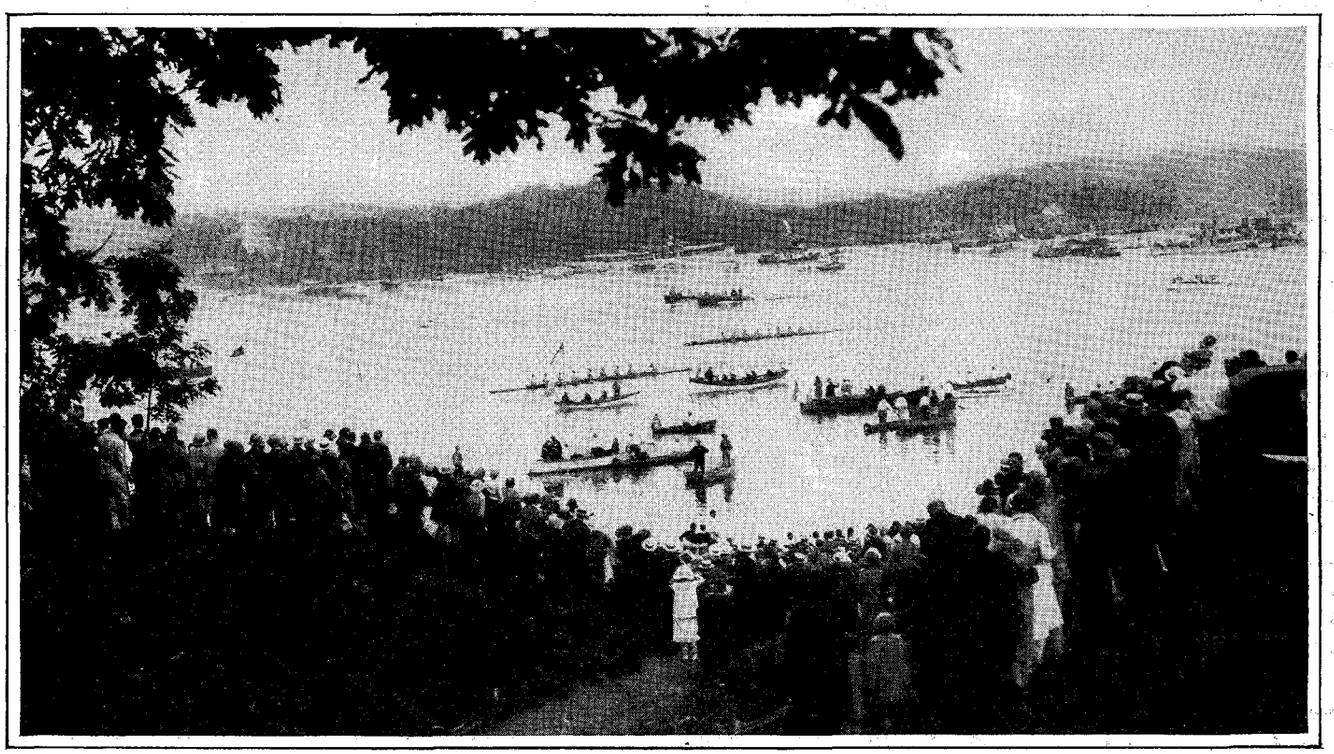
The Glendons, too, scored handsomely, and the showing even of their Varsity, which had to try to forget two different styles of rowing taught before the advent of the former Navy instructors, was promising for the future. In another two years, perhaps even next year, there will be another Eastern eight up there battling with the men from the Northwest and from Annapolis.

Not all of our instructors from the West have been able to get instant results. Fred Spuhn, advance agent for Russell Callow, and one of the finest personalities in the coaching game, was unable in a single season to bring Pennsylvania closer to the front in a four-mile race than Joe Wright and Jim Rice, his predecessors. The Westerners have had to learn that in many cases there is neither the material nor the proper courses for the development of four-mile crews. And there is a steadily growing belief that if the Far West and the East were to exchange coaches there would be no vast difference in the present order at the finish.

Bobby Jones, Amateur

ROBERT TYRE JONES, as he is named in the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue, stands to-day as the best golf player in the world. His victory in the British Open Championship tournament is one of the most popular in the history of athletic sports. He won not only the cup by his golf but the heart of Britishers by his demeanor and character. He is that strange creature among the top-notchers in sports to-day—a true amateur. How he manages to play golf that is practically flawless and at the same time enjoy life and engage in business is not the least mysterious element in the mystery of his astonishing skill. He has now for four years in succession won major prizes in the field of golf. In 1923 he won the American Open Championship, 1924 and 1925 the American Amateur Championship, and now he has won the British Open Championship. No man in the world, amateur or professional, is his equal in the game of golf.

Not only did Bobby Jones, by his score of 291 in 72 holes, outplay the rest in the tournament itself, but by his score of 66 and 68 for a total of 134 in the qualifying round set a new standard in British golf. In four of those thirty-six



Wide World

The Yale Varsity crew should be entitled now to take its sabbatical year. It recently won, by two lengths and a half, its sixth successive victory over Harvard

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holes he had only one five, all the other holes being in four or less. It is said that his use of iron clubs where other players use the wooden has appreciably stimulated the sale of iron clubs in this country. Though hopeful players will be disappointed in what iron clubs of themselves will do, they are wise in taking such a player as Bobby Jones for a pattern.

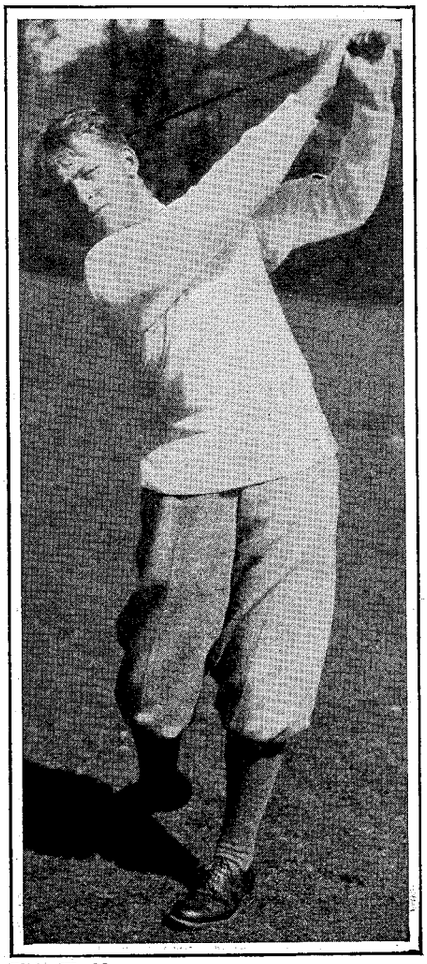
Unfortunately, while Bobby Jones was earning his laurels Walter Hagen was proving that he had well already earned his unpopularity. This American professional who trailed Bobby Jones at the finish by two strokes reviled British golfers because, as he alleged, they lacked spirit. His braggadocio was couched in the language of the prize ring. Hagen's conduct and language have had at least the one good effect of heightening Americans' gratification in Bobby Jones's victory.

Fascist Big Sticks in Geneva

MUSSOLINI has attempted to use the League of Nations as a weapon against anti-Fascist agitation in Switzerland. According to an announcement by Foreign Minister Motta in the Swiss Federal Council, the Italian Government has informed the Swiss Government that it would cease active participation in the League if anti-Fascist meetings were permitted in Geneva. Italy appears to have established by this action a startling diplomatic precedent.

The trouble arose over a Socialist mass-meeting in Geneva in honor of the memory of Matteotti, the Italian Socialist Deputy who was kidnapped and killed by Fascist "strong-arm men" because of his charges of corruption against Fascist leaders. The Italian Minister to Switzerland asked Foreign Minister Motta to prevent the meeting, on the ground that it was irritating to Fascists in Geneva as well as to certain Italian delegates to the League. M. Motta requested the Geneva authorities to forbid the meeting, but the City Council refused, declaring that this would cause more trouble than the meeting itself. A band of about twenty Fascist sympathizers entered the meeting in a body, and tried to break it up by cheering Mussolini and beating their canes on the floor when a speaker denounced the Italian dictator as a murderer. Fighting began, and the police arrested twelve Fascists to save them from violence. When the excitement was over, it was discovered that among the twelve were two members of the International Labor Bureau and one member of the League staff.

The next day, the Italian Minister communicated to M. Motta the threat of Italy to refrain from sending delegations to Geneva if such incidents were allowed to recur. M. Motta told the Italian



Wide World

Bobby Jones

Minister that the Swiss Government regarded the intervention of the Fascists as "regrettably open to criticism because it furnished a pretext for trouble." He also stated before the Federal Council that the Government recognized the necessity of forbidding meetings that attack Governments represented at Geneva, but that action by employees of the International Labor Bureau and the League in common with other Fascist sympathizers had aggravated the situation.

The whole incident is an unparalleled example of Fascist arrogance in international relations. Whether or not Mussolini desires to co-operate in the work of the League, he has no excuse for trying to utilize it as a means of exerting pressure upon Switzerland in a manner amounting to interference in her domestic policy.

Dictators and Democracy

THE military reaction against parliamentary government continues to spread in Europe. In the northeastern storm area of that troubled Continent Marshal Pilsudski has strengthened his position as dictator in Poland. In the extreme southwest General Gomes da Costa has set himself up as supreme ruler in Portugal. Both developments have followed periods of disturbance ending in army revolts that overthrew the established Governments.

The Polish Parliament has given way to the threat of Pilsudski's power, after a vain attempt to assert its constitutional rights. In a tumultuous session, it is reported to have agreed to pass out of existence until a legislative body in harmony with the will of the dictator can be brought into being. Pilsudski has declared a practical state of martial law throughout the country, with severe penalties for any one agitating against his administration. So ends an experiment in representative government which had lasted only for the few years since the war.

The events in Poland and Portugal have one common significance. They seem to reflect tendencies in the Slavic, Latin, and Hellenic parts of Europe. Russia—where Bolshevism began the revolt against majority rule—Bulgaria, Italy, Spain, Greece, and now Poland and Portugal, all have submitted to the sway of organized minorities. France is having her difficulties with parliamentary control, although for the moment Briand has succeeded in forming a new Cabinet and carrying on with Caillaux as Finance Minister.

The Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic and Gaelic nations—Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian states—continue to stand for the principle of government by debate and majority vote. The line-up in Europe suggests inevitably the question whether the strain of the post-war years is revealing a fundamental difference between two groups of peoples with contrasting cultures and mentality.

The French and the Druses

RECENT official French despatches from Syria speak hopefully of the prospect of the new offensive. Stress is laid on the fact that the close of hostilities in the Riff has made it possible to move forces to a port north of Damascus and to use these large reinforcements in

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a wide-stretching drive which should pen the Druses into a corner.

Press cables from Damascus, however, are far from confident. One such despatch shows that severe fighting was still going on late in June quite near that ancient city. The bombardment in May by the French of a part of Damascus, in which many people were killed, was excused or explained by the statement that the people of the quarter invited the French to relieve them by seizing the rebels barricaded in the quarter. That was impractical, so the French ordered friendly natives to leave the quarter within an hour and then shelled it, and many people, friends and foes, were slaughtered. But a month later reports state that over 2,000 shells had been recently fired by the French on villages surrounding Damascus.

That the Druses can continue to attack openly the capital of Syria and its environs is proof of the vigor of their harassing warfare by small units which unite or separate from day to day. An Associated Press despatch asserts that "stern repressive measures by a large military force are necessary to save the country from anarchy and ruin, in the opinion of French military experts, including officers of the General Staff, who are conversant with the situation there."

Syria to-day is a grievous example of a country whose condition is exactly the reverse of what one committed under the mandatory plan to a great nation should be. It was bound to be a hard task to placate the independent and warlike hillsmen, and the French bombardment of Damascus in November, 1925, under General Sarrail's command, distribute the blame as we may, was like throwing a torch into inflammable material.

Where Life Is Least Protected

THE notion of extending the principle of conservation to the seven seas has been presented for serious consideration at Geneva. Dr. José Leon Suarez, the Argentinian who brought forward the idea, sees nothing impossible in converting the ocean into one great preserve. Except for the successful operations of the United States against pelagic sealers and for recent moves to form a marine life sanctuary in Antarctic waters, the ocean has known little of game laws. No single nation has arrogated to itself the right to restrain the fishers and whalers of other countries. Yet it should not exceed the power of the League of Nations collaborating with the United States to form some plan of international protection for the living things of the world's great watery common.

Dr. Suarez's report as to the need of conservation to assure future abundance of the products of the sea was received with favor by the international committee codifying international law. It is beyond question that the ocean is small enough for harpoon and net and gun to depopulate it. If small enough to despoil and to deplete of its ancient abundance of such creatures as the sperm whale, the ocean is surely not too large to protect. As for the value of its creatures to us, it seems likely to rise as the increase of humanity renders us dependent on other food besides what the land alone will furnish. The whale in particular became an object of skillful pursuit years ago off the coast of Japan for the sake of his flesh.

Indeed, the extended breeding of the reindeer in Alaska, the propagation of certain small and seemingly useless fish to rid fresh waters of mosquito larvæ, the recently acquired value of guinea-pigs, the greater apes, and other animals in medical science, and many like cases suggest that any and every species may in the future prove to have been worth preserving. Let us human beings remember the case of the lion and the mouse. The inconceivably rich and varied life of the ocean, the least protected of all life in this world, stands in peculiar need of protection.

Farm Women are Women

WHAT do farm women want? They want pink underwear —and they want it made of silk. Of course they do. With some slight elasticity—not in the underwear, but in the idea—to allow for individual tint preferences, all women want something of the sort.

Farm women want to be able to do the Charleston.

They want "the love pats distributed through life."

The Outlook is not assuming to say these things on its own responsibility. Farm women say them themselves. At least, they did say them at a Conference held in Chicago under the auspices of the American Country Life Association. The women present were not professional organization agitators. They were simply farm women from various sections of the country, taken from the work of the farm home and brought to the Conference without coaching and with little primping. One of them admitted that her skirt was four inches too long, and that she had meant to snip it off, but did not have time to do it because the house burned down the day before she left home.

A frivolous lot? No, just women, concerned with all of the things that normal American women are concerned with. They want efficient country doctors. They want better preaching in country churches. They want teachers in country schools who understand and are in sympathy with country life. They want time to play with their children. They said so.

"Spiritual uplift and dancing mothers!" exclaimed one woman when some of the others had had their say.

Speaking in single sentences, those women expressed the wish for many things that go a good deal deeper than the somewhat chaffy tone of the interchange would indicate.

One of them said, "Cheaper linoleum that will last just as long." That means more than it says. Does it mean that this woman—who does not speak for anybody but herself, but doubtless speaks as many others among fifteen million farm women would speak—wants articles of kitchen equipment on the free list, Fordney-McCumberly speaking? Or does it mean that she wants a readjustment of commodity prices so that the farmer's wife's dollar will buy more of the other woman's husband's goods?

One said, "All the latest machinery which will decrease work, so that we can have the chance to get away from home." Did she mean, even vaguely and indefinitely, that the electric power company whose line runs by her farm gate is treating her wrong by failing to "step down" the current so that she can use it to run the vacuum-cleaner and the churn and the washing-machine? She meant something of the kind, though probably she did not know definitely that she meant it.

The answers ran through a wide range, back and forth, but always they came back pretty close to what the woman meant when she exclaimed "Social uplift and dancing mothers!" One woman said, "Loan funds for girls desiring to enter college." Another one said, "Better movies."

But here is the conclusion of the whole matter, though it was spoken in the middle of the discussion:

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"A farm woman wants what any other woman wants."

She wants the means of living as other American women live and of rearing her children as American children should be reared. In the main, as she knows better than any one else, she has got to get those things for herself—or, more strictly speaking, she and her husband for themselves and theirs. That, of course, is why he goes to the field at dawn and why she washes the milk pails long past dusk. They labor, as other Americans labor, to maintain the American standard of life.

They say—not these women, but many other people who claim to understand the farm situation—that the present economic maladjustment does not give the farm woman an equal opportunity for leading a full, free American life. Congress and the President can do little or nothing toward giving the farm woman what she wants. But because she is an American woman America as such must give her the opportunity for getting what she wants or suffer the consequence. She is certainly entitled—just to illustrate what we mean—to the opportunity of having an electricity-driven washing-machine. America has certainly got to readjust to the farm woman by putting step-down transformers on the high-power wires.

This Conference was held early in March. The full story, however, came to us only the other day in the form of an attractive booklet, sent by Dan A. Wallace, whose magazine, "The Farmer's Wife," assisted the American Country Life Association in arranging for the Conference. Mr. Wallace wrote in the accompanying letter, "I don't care what you do with or about this booklet if you will first get the thought-provoking message it contains."

Doubtless many messages are broadcast, but the one which our receiving set picks up is this: When agriculture was the dominant industry and the rural population the preponderant element, the country could safely leave the solution of rural problems to rural people, the majority. To-day the agricultural population is a constantly diminishing minority, but the products of agriculture are no whit less essential than they have always been. Among the chief of those products has always been, and will always be, the surplus of boys and girls, trained in the right sort of American farm homes, who go to augment the brawn and brain of the cities. No longer is the problem of what the farm family wants a problem to be solved by the agricultural population, now a minority. It is a National problem, to be solved by the best thought of the Nation. If it is not solved, the Nation must pay the penalty. The farm woman knows better than anybody else what the farm home needs to keep it an American home, and her statement of the problem is probably the best statement that can be hoped for.

Those who wish to comprehend the statement more fully may get copies of the booklet, "The Farm Woman Answers the Question," by writing the Webb Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Is Pigs Pigs?

A Question of Armament

IN the offhand opinion of most people, pigs are just potential pork. But in the opinion of European experts on the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva, pigs are "potentials of war." And not only pigs, but goats and all other live stock are included in their lists, together with male and female labor in factories, fields, or communication services, coal, oil, and other natural resources, and even dikes, marshes, and quarries.

These European views were brought out in reply to an argument of the American delegates. The Americans contended that a definition of armaments might be limited to "the organized military forces of a country, including trained reserves with their existing material and installations." The delegates of Belgium, France, Holland, and Sweden thought differently. The Swedish delegation pushed the opposed thesis to the realistic conclusion of stating: "A complete list of factors which come into operation in a modern war would have to include all the factors of national life in time of peace."

The same sort of complication has come up in the sub-commission on naval armaments. For instance, French and Italian opposition defeated both an American proposal that comparative strength of navies might be computed on a basis of tonnage by classes and a British proposal that navies might be divided roughly into classes of ships. Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Poland joined with France and Italy, while Japan, Argentina, and Chile supported the United States and Great Britain. These differences simply serve to reveal the difficulty of attempting to restrict or abolish war by beginning with armaments.

Nations do not go to war simply because they have arms. Nor do they fight primarily because they hate each other. They fight because they have the will to insist on their own idea of right or of their own interests, by force if necessary. Both armaments and hatred might be shown to be largely by-products of this conflict of wills. Any effort to do away with war must begin with its causes, not its means, if there is to be much hope of progress. To modify the will to insist into a willingness to arbitrate bids fair to be a long process. But endeavors in this direction are likely to prove more fruitful, and no less protracted, than discussions whether a definition of armaments shall include both guns and pigs.

Our Flexible Democracy

A FEW weeks ago word of a general strike in Great Britain made the whole world gasp. Thoughtful men and women found in this news something more than the story of an economic struggle. It made them wonder whether or not the basis of democratic government was secure. On this side of the Atlantic it made us wonder what preventives America might employ to avert the rising of any such menace to our institutions in the long years that lie ahead.

For the present, it seems certain that the portent of no such storm clouds our skies. Because we can see no such menace before us is no reason, however, why we should not attempt to analyze those characteristics of American civilization which make such a threat seem impossible. After all, as the history of the nations goes, America, as it is now organized, has had but a brief existence. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

It seems to us that this ounce of prevention can be found in the preservation of the flexibility of our democracy. If we permit groups to exist which, generation after generation, carry on the same type of work and if we permit these groups to harden into self-conscious bodies of men and women, we shall find in time that they will put their own interests above the interests of the country at large. To curtail opportunity for individual development, and for individ-

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ual change of occupation, is to stimulate the growth of just such groups of self-centered citizens.

In the English coal regions the son of a miner is always a miner. It has been our boast that the son of a miner has a chance to become a poet or a banker if he so desires. Our labor unions have done much towards raising the standards of living, and to that extent they have done well. Whenever they have attempted, however, to prevent individual development to its greatest capacity, they have been turning their backs on the road America must travel if it is to live and endure.

If our democracy is to be kept flexible enough so that the good of the whole may not be sacrificed to the good of the part, the channels of opportunity must flow freely. Water seeks its own level. In a democracy such as ours there should be as little interference as possible with the law of social gravitation.

The Eucharistic Congress

As Seen Through the Eyes of a Protestant

By OZORA S. DAVIS, D.D.

President of the Chicago Theological Seminary

CHICAGO often comes in for deserved criticism on the ground of its frequent glib claim to possess or to achieve the "greatest" this, or that, or the other. In the case of the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress, which closed with the gorgeous spectacle at Mundelein on Thursday, June 24, there seems to be no doubt that the superlatives are warranted. It was the greatest religious gathering ever held in America and probably in point of attendance and splendor the most remarkable in history. The preparations were made with comprehensive foresight and diligent attention to minute details; the results justified the expectations of those who projected the enterprise.

The city is now, at the close of the week, settling back into "normalcy." The decorations on Michigan Boulevard have been removed, including the banners of yellow and white, the Papal colors, and the words "Welcome Eucharistic Congress" from the building of S. W. Straus & Co. One hears no longer the siren whistle of the motor cop as he conducts at furious speed one or more limousines occupied by red-clad princes of the Church through Chicago's most famous street, barred to ordinary traffic. A famous desperado on trial for his crimes is back once more in the headlines of the white and pink and green newspapers.

This does not mean, however, that Chicago has not been profoundly and, let it be confidently expected, permanently influenced by the Congress. At least for once the city has been commanded by a great meeting, and that meeting openly and consistently religious, held to declare and venerate one of the most positive and challenging affirmations of faith in the miraculous. From the very beginning there has been no least uncertainty on this point. The purpose of the Congress has been expressed in no uncertain terms. Only incidentally has the commercial profit accruing to Chicago been touched upon. The promotional program was singularly free from booster methods. Babbitt has seen the biggest spectacle of modern times put across in ways that are dear to his Rotarian heart; but it has not been achieved primarily with shout and song. There have been profound conviction and sustained religious passion back of this tremendous achievement; and if Babbitt stops long enough between lunches to think at all, he is bound to get a new slant on the actual driving power of religious faith.

To the Roman Catholic it "is the mass that matters;" and this Eucharistic Congress, according to the clear definition of its purpose, has been held to affirm by every available resource the miracle of the mass, the doctrine of transubstantiation, the "Real Presence" of Christ in the host, which is to be venerated because of the supernatural quality imparted to it, and to become a source of strength and joy to all those who thus accept its sacramental power as a means of grace. The newspapers carried many statements of the purpose of the Congress under the signatures of Roman Catholic theologians which made its object clear. The doctrine of the "Real Presence" was stated in such terms as these:

> When the priest pronounces the words of consecration over the bread and wine, "Christ, true God and true man, is really, truly, and substantially contained under the appearances of these sensible things;" the word "really" is in opposition to a mere figurative presence of Christ.

The Congress was held under most fortunate physical conditions. The weather, barring a brief deluge of rain in the midst of the closing ceremonies at Mundelein, was almost ideal—clear, cool, bracing. Holy Name Cathedral, elaborately decorated, was the fitting place for the more intimate phases of the Congress. The Coliseum, Chicago's most spacious convention hall, was used for still larger gatherings. The stately classic stadium or Soldiers' Field, backed by the noble structure of the Field Museum, gave room for the vast and imposing public meetings. The beautiful grounds of St. Mary of the Lakes Seminary at Mundelein (until recently a quiet and unknown country village with its prairie surroundings and bearing the commonplace name of Area) furnished the setting for the final and gorgeous ceremonies attending the Procession of the Blessed Eucharist.

IT is impossible to give an accurate report as to the attendance at the various services or the total number of strangers who made their pilgrimage to the Congress. Even when discounted fully, the totals are amazing. The pilgrims probably reached a million during the entire period. Doubtless a million communions were offered as a spiritual "bouquet" to the Holy Father on Sunday, June 20, thus fulfilling a promise made by Cardinal Mundelein. The estimate of half a million at the Mass of Angels on Monday and of an equal number at the closing ceremonies of Thursday does not seem too great. Nothing like it ever has been witnessed before in modern times. It is simply stupendous in point of numbers.

The Roman Catholic Church has been for centuries the incomparable mistress of pageantry and ceremonial; and every resource was drawn upon to the full in order to make the Congress the most splendid event possible. Nothing ever has been seen in America that could surpass the result. In color, in symbolism, in stately march, in the timing of events,

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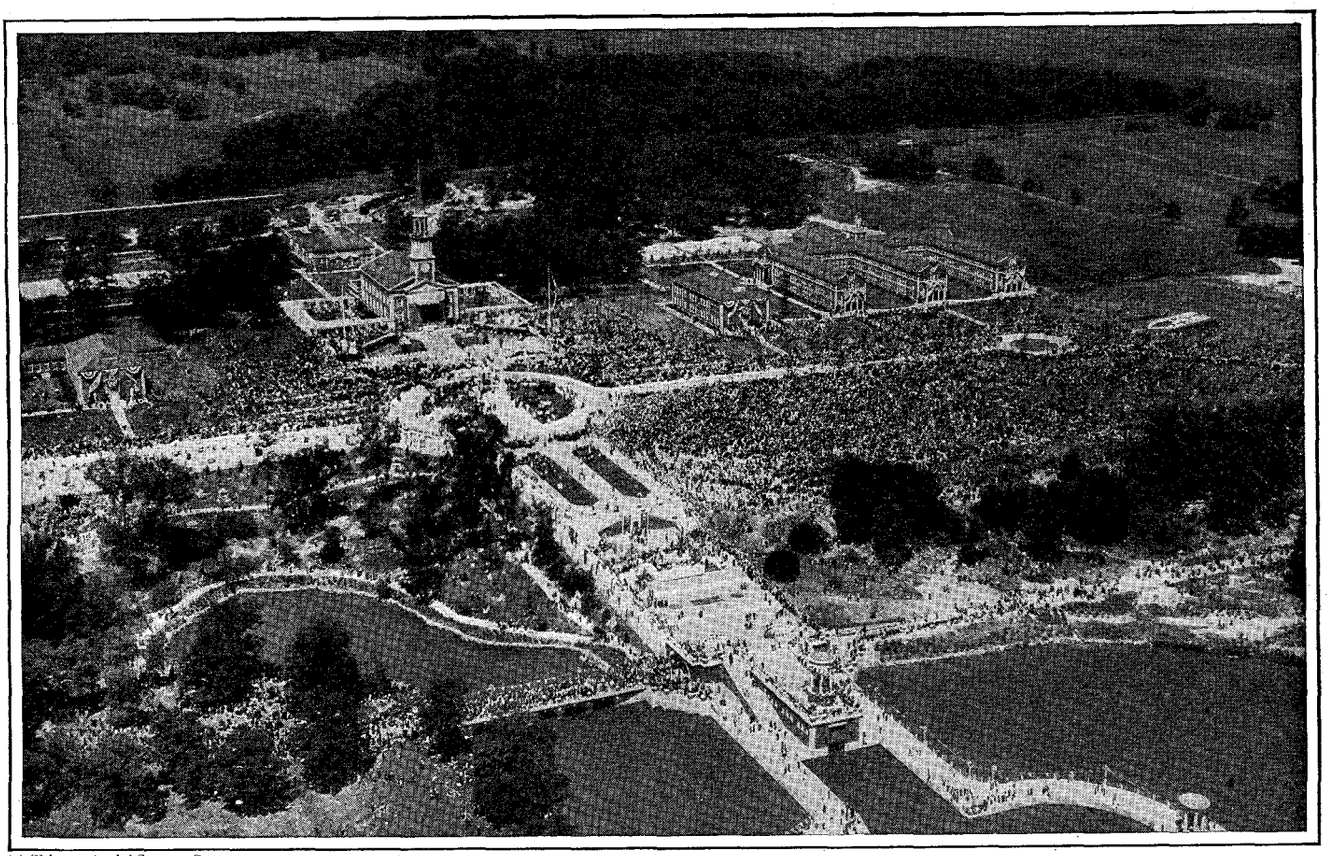

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"The beautiful grounds of St. Mary of the Lakes Seminary at Mundelein . . . furnished the setting for the final and gorgeous ceremonies attending the Procession of the Blessed Eucharist"

in dramatic effects realized by great groups acting in concert, it dwarfed any civic ceremony that ever had been seen by the hundreds of thousands of spectators. One was swept off his feet by the overwhelming effect of procession, song, and stately ritual which was charged with the deepest and most sacred symbolism. The spectator might not assent at all to the dogmatic implications of the scenes; but he could not remain unmoved by the artistic beauty of the spectacle.

To select the most significant event of the Congress is difficult. On Monday the Mass of the Angels called the first great assembly to Soldiers' Field. At the entrance to the great stadium a replica of the altar from St. Paul Without the Walls in Rome had been erected. Its golden dome was guarded by four angel figures, heroic in size, and the baldachino was 86 feet high. This gives a slight impression of the scale of the vast scene. More than sixty thousand children sang. The amplifiers aided in making the human voice audible quite beyond the possibilities without their aid; and loud-speakers located in various parts of the city were surrounded by changing groups of listeners. It is impossible to estimate how many more hundreds of thousands were put within the range of hearing through these devices of modern invention.

On Tuesday evening, however, was staged the most thrilling and dramatic of all the services excepting perhaps the final procession at Mundelein. It was held at Soldiers' Field and men only composed the great throng. Two features marked it: the taking of the Holy Name Pledge and the lighting of a hundred and fifty thousand candles, each carried by a member of the assembly. The pledge of the Holy Name Society, of which there are in round numbers three million members, is as follows:

> I pledge my loyalty to my flag and my country and to the God-given principles of freedom, justice, and happiness for which it stands. I pledge my support to all lawful authority, both civil and religious. I dedicate my manhood to the honor of the sacred name of Jesus Christ and beg that he will keep me faithful to these pledges until death.

This pledge was read by Bishop Hoban, of Chicago, and the response was made by the vast throng of men with clear tones. To all who heard it the significance of such a dedication was thrilling.

Then the tapers were lighted in one of the dramatic moments of the Congress. There was no wind to interfere with the successful carrying out of the spectacle. The flame passed from rank to rank with growing splendor. It made one breathless with fascinated interest whatever his faith or lack of it may have been.

These are only parts of the spectacle that made up the Congress. There were meetings in all languages; there were sermons from many of the most noted preachers of the Church, all gathering about some aspect of the Eucharist and exalting its value to children, to workmen, to all sorts and conditions of men. Thousands of persons heard these by radio.

What is the significance of this unprecedented gathering of religious people in Chicago? The Roman Catholic clergy believe that it will result, first of all, in the quickening of the faith and devotion of all the members of this communion in all parts of the world. The impression of the Congress upon all Roman Catholics who came into contact with it in any way must have been profound. They were not called to reason or to defend their faith; they were summoned by every art that appeals to the emotions to accept the statements of the creeds in implicit obedience. It was not a Congress for discussion or debate; it was for affirmation and exhibition. The religious impression upon non-Catholics is difficult to determine. It is not easy to imagine the Protestant mind being swept into acceptance of the "Real Presence" by the force of a ceremony which

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appeals to the dramatic and the spectacular but not to the reason. In all the preaching there did not seem to be any effort to carry on a polemic against any other conception of the sacrament; but affirmation of the Roman Catholic doctrine was incessant. The Pope held out a welcoming hand to the separated brethren; but just what the hand contained was not apparent. There seems little prospect of any marked accession to the Roman Catholic ranks either from Protestants or skeptics as a result of the Congress. One heard occasionally a question as to how men who lived in a modern world could maintain the doctrine which the Congress affirmed; but there was no movement in evidence to oppose the Congress. Good manners and fine temper abounded throughout. The fear that had been expressed that some of the more violent opponents of the Roman Catholic Church might stage something in the way of protest was happily not realized. So the Congress closed without a single unhappy incident to mar its success. Those who organized it expressed their appreciation of the way in which they had received all courtesy from those of other faiths. There were countless cases of this fine spirit of respectful interest and practical co-operation. Whether there will be a back-fire later from some of the more ardent opponents remains to be seen; but it is not to be expected. Americans know how to differ from one another and still keep their good manners.

To those who might look at the Congress with apprehension as to its political significance and fear that it is simply another step in a determined policy to "make America Catholic," there is nothing in the idea of the Congress or in its conduct to warrant their alarm. The Governor of the State of New York was present; but the newspapers devoted slight space to him and there was no sign that his candidacy at a later date for the Presidency would be influenced by the fact that he came to Chicago as a Presbyterian layman might go to the General Assembly in the discharge of his religious duties. In fact, the Congress moved on a level quite beyond suspicion or reproach as to its political purpose or influence. Doubtless sinister interpretations might be unearthed by an eager member of the Ku Klux Klan, which is a state of mind quite as much as an organization. Such suspicions will be difficult to confirm in the mind of one who is fair and generous.

CERTAIN impressions remain vividly in the mind of a Protestant writer. The first is that of the age-long doctrines and ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. In contrast with the divisions and the incoherence of much of our Protestant faith and practice appeared the unity and the power of the old Church. Ancient music and ritual, common creeds and sacraments, unified organization and policies, were all apparent even on the surface of the Congress.

The power of the appeal to the emotions through the splendor of art and symbolism was manifest at every turn. There was constant emphasis on the mystery and wonder of religion. No one was asked to explain or to reason; all were asked to revere and adore. In the words of St. Thomas of Aquino, from a mass of his composition:

> Taught by Christ the church maintaineth
> That the bread its substance changeth
> Into Flesh, the wine to Blood.
> Doth it pass thy comprehending?
> Faith, the law of sight transcending
> Leaps to things not understood.

The masterful leadership of the Congress was apparent. As one studied the faces of the hundreds of priests on the streets, the total impression was not especially favorable; but the greater clergy were men of strength. The Legate, Cardinal Bonzano, was well chosen. Cardinal Mundelein is one of the outstanding ecclesiastical statesmen of any church. The young seminarians were vigorous and promising Americans.

Thus one can appreciate and report this tremendous gathering and yet remain grateful for and loyal to his Protestant heritage. As the cardinals and the bishops depart and the Congress passes into history, one can take down his Emerson and read again "The Problem" with deeper appreciation of its conclusion:

> Yet not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

The Agony of Parliamentarism

By NATALIE DE BOGORY

"THE French Parliament only talks. It never acts. Consequently, the time has come for it to disappear and give place to an effective form of government."

Such is the growing feeling in France as Ministries change, the franc drops, and the cost of living soars higher and higher. The man in the street does not hesitate to express it, and even political men like Caillaux are hinting at the truth in their public speeches. Parliamentarism has committed suicide. Unfortunately, it does not yet know that it is dead.

However, the feeling has become so crystallized that within the last few months a definite anti-Parliamentarian movement has been launched by several writers of prominence, under the name of the Club Camille Desmoulins, in honor of the revolutionist of that name who roused the people of Paris, on July 12, 1789, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, to march against the Bastile and take it.

"The only difference between then and now is that the enemy has changed. The Bastile of to-day is our Parliament," was the remark made to me by Pierre Dominique, popular novelist and President of the Club Camille Desmoulins.

A tall, wiry man with scant wiry hair, a Corsican by birth, an alienist by profession, and a rapidly rising young novelist—such is Pierre Dominique. A brilliant thinker and a scintillating speaker, a fighter and a worker. Two years ago his first novel, "Notre Dame de la Sagesse," received the Balzac prize as the best novel of the year, and brought down on him the vituperative criticism of both the Extreme Left and the Roman Catholics. Dominique is a Republican of the Right, which also alienates him from the French royalists. Now he is one of the belligerent members of the Club Camille Desmoulins, a new movement with a new program.

"Parliamentarism is our deadliest foe," Dominique explained. "Of course, the French monarchists and the Communists are both anti-parliamentarians, but we belong to neither group, so it soon became apparent that a new organization was essential. Together with a few friends, we obtained the support of Dumesnil, the veteran editor of "Le Rappel," the newspaper which Victor Hugo founded fifty years ago for the purpose of popularizing the idea of a United States of Europe. We started a campaign against our parliamentary

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leaders, and the Club Camille Desmoulins was soon a reality."

THIS written campaign has roused the country, and different newspapers have either attacked it or opened their columns. **"La Liberté" and the** "Volonté," organ of the Cartel des Gauches, strangely enough, have been accepting articles attacking Parliament. At the numerous meetings, organized for educational purposes, the motto, "Parliamentarism must die or France is ruined," has divided the audiences into antagonistic groups.

"We are realists," Dominique explained to me. "We have watched the six hundred Deputies and three hundred Senators in the French Parliament, and we know that they do nothing but talk. They never act. In reality, the Government should govern and Parliament should only control. But it is quite evident that the Parliament does not control; all it accomplishes is to upset the Government and prevent it from governing. The system is fundamentally wrong. During the war our Parliament only disorganized the country; it certainly led it disgracefully. Once the war over, the Bloc National talked from 1919 to 1924. Then the Cartel des Gauches had its innings up to 1926; and what did that group do but talk and talk? Both the Right and the Left were equally ineffective.

"Our régime of partisan government is fatal to the interests of the country, and must be eliminated. And, since Parliament is the expression of this system, it too must be suppressed."

"Le Rappel" was used as a medium for starting the campaign, but an entirely new magazine, to be known as "Paris-France" will soon appear as the official organ of the Club, which will act as the nucleus around which local clubs will centralize throughout France.

"But it is not sufficient to destroy," Dominique went on. "France needs a social, economic, and financial reorganization. A political reform must attain it. Every big state must have a strong government, with the principle of authority and continuity well established. Two experiments have been made since the war: Communism in Russia and Fascism in Italy. Neither of these can be transplanted to French soil. The internationalism of Communism and the narrow chauvinism of Fascism are equally inapplicable. France needs a modern, nationalistic system, in accord with the French mind and the industrial conditions. A monarch is obsolete in France, since the people are profoundly republican; both Napoleon I and III tried to re-establish the principle and failed."

IT is not difficult to start a campaign of destruction. What is even more important is to have a plausible constructive plan, and it is here that the political acumen of the leaders of the Club Camille Desmoulins has shown itself.

"To insure a Government of authority and continuity, the Club is working for government by a group of ten men, a Comité such as we had under the French Directoire. To avoid disruption in the case of death, and also to insure the entrance of new blood, one new member would be introduced every year. All national questions would be settled by the Comité. The principle of decentralization would be firmly established; local problems would be settled locally. The Comité of ten would be assisted by a number of technically trained Ministers—men who really know their business, and in no way resembling the ignoramuses we have to-day. It would defend the interests of the Republic and yet remain modern. It would not be either Communism or Fascism. There would be no sudden reversals of Ministries, no partisan politics, no disorder. Naturally, even such a body must be controlled by the people, and we are in favor of a small Assembly, which will not have the power to change anything in the Government, as it does now. It would act only as a censor and an expression of opinion.

"Our problem in France," Dominique continued, "is to avoid both Communism and Fascism, for each is dangerous to the peace of Europe. We must all work for a united Europe, of which every nation is an integral part, for therein alone lies the guaranty of a lasting peace. I am convinced that there is such a thing as a European mentality, a spirit of accord; and it is this very lack which makes me fear Fascism, which so far has been the cause of several military encounters in southern Europe. I need hardly mention Communism, which is admittedly military in organization and aim. Fascism and Communism both develop irritability, violence, and bitterness. What we need in Europe are peace and united action between neighbors."

AS soon as this virulent campaign was launched every newspaper asked the founders of the Club how they intended to rid the country of the Parliament, and who would select the Comité.

"Were our Parliament awake enough to see the handwriting on the wall," Mr. Dominique answered, "it would abdicate and not emulate the bad example of Louis XVI, on whom force had to be used. As the sentiment grew against it, which is the case among all classes of French except among the professional politicians, it would gracefully dissolve, naming ten men for the Comité, selected from among men of standing outside of its body. Not lawyers, but business men should be selected, men accustomed to organization and action. We do not want any talkers. Of course, if when the time is ripe and Parliament still continues its blind verbiage, then it will be necessary for the people to act—to overthrow the Parliament and select a Comité, an action both illegal and harmful for France, since it would involve force. We may be obliged to create a revolutionary movement—nationalistic, republican, anti-parliamentary, and professional. Meanwhile we are working along peaceful lines."

PIERRE DOMINIQUE here spoke of the new weekly magazine, "Paris-France," under the guidance of Charles Albert, a veteran writer and worker in the syndicalist movement, who is to be the political director. His book, "Le Mouvement révolutionnaire," was translated by Mussolini in 1913 and published by him in the "Avanti" together with a preface from the Fascist leader. He is bringing the support of the syndical movement in France to the new movement, which is spreading rapidly into the provinces, and which will centralize around the magazine and its readers.

"The membership in the Club is already in the thousands and rapidly increasing in the form of subscribers to the magazine at a rate which exceeds a thousand per week, which is a formidable number, from our point of view. After all, the French people are intelligent and highly cultured. They know that if three people can never agree, which is invariably the case, it is just as impossible to get six hundred to act together. We must replace the bad system by a more intelligent one. But we must not destroy, as Communism does, nor must we use the whip, as does Fascism. We want to clean the Augean stables of parliamentarism with its interminable speechmaking and try to build a healthy house on a healthy foundation. Only then can there be peace in Europe and an adequate solution to the tangled situation in our Budget and finances. What we need is patriotism and action, not vapid speechmaking."

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Fascism Going Strong: External Affairs[1]

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE rebirth of nationalism continues apace in Italy. Fascism has no more appealing trait than the ardent desire to be worthy of Rome's past glory and Italy's future destinies. You feel this as you witness daily the Fascist revival of the classic mode of salute. You feel it as you see men uncover whenever a Fascist band passes playing "Giovinezza," or even when some black-shirted singer breaks into a patriotic song. Of course you feel it not at all as you observe some impulsive Fascist snatch an innocent red carnation, Socialism's emblem, from the buttonhole of an unsuspecting Englishman, or knock the stranger's hat off if not removed quickly enough when other men are removing theirs in passing a monument sacred to Fascism and, naturally, meaningless to the stranger. Yet one hardly expects restraint from every Fascist.

NATIONALISM in Italy means expansion. The Italian population among European countries is second only to Russia's and Germany's, and is now increasing annually about half a million. The Italians need more arable, above all, more mineral territory. They have had to emigrate in great numbers. These emigrants may send their savings home, but they are working for the power and prestige of other countries. Why not for Italy's? Why not, then, have a greater Italy? France, with no increasing population, has many and vast colonies. Italy's are few and relatively unimportant. Says the "Popolo d'Italia" of this city: "We are now 42,000,000 Italians. We have thus gone ahead of the French population, and in a territory half that of France, more mountainous, and almost entirely lacking in raw materials." No wonder that Italians contemplate a wider horizon and a higher economic, if not political, status for their country. "Contemplate," do I say? That seems a mild word. Listen to Benito Mussolini, the Fascist Duce or leader: "Our destiny has been and is on the sea. The sea is ours. No one can stop our inexorable will."

That's the talk the Italians like. But, interpreted by the extent of Fascist ambition, it seems grandiloquent, especially as one considers other present controllers of the prophesied "Italian lake" like Great Britain, France, and Spain.

In the formation of Fascist bodies Mussolini's ideal, it is easy to see, was largely based on Roman tradition. A great achievement of his has been in imparting to New Italy something of old Rome's civic courage, austerity, discipline, severity, not only in purely domestic affairs, but now also in those beyond the seas. His ideal was thus succinctly defined recently by Signor Rocco, Minister of Justice: "The destiny of New Italy and the history of Imperial Italy are one."

AN empire means colonies. Hence it is just that in visiting Italy's most important colony, Tripoli, Mussolini should emphasize at one and the same time the colonial and the imperial idea when he proclaimed, with a studied homage never before shown to the King:

> Our august, gracious, powerful Sovereign, his Majesty Victor Emmanuel III—whom may God benignly protect and whom the whole people profoundly love—has deigned to send me to this land, forever Italian. You are, I know, obedient to the laws of my august Lord and King. Thus to-day, to-morrow, and always, observant of the precepts of the august Sovereign of Italy, you will be protected by his just laws. His Majesty the King and the Italian Governor of Tripoli want this land, on which are frequently found the remains of immortal Rome, to return to its wealth, prosperity, and happiness.

Italy's present colonies as well as the mainland fail to cover Italy's need of raw material. It is not surprising, then, that two years ago Mussolini remarked, "Henceforth Italy looks to the East." Presumably that referred to Adalia, in Asia Minor, and its mines, the desire for which was plainly shown when the Treaty of Sèvres was framed (1920). As the Turkish fleet is non-existent, as the Jugoslavian is in its infancy, and as that of Greece is but a fraction of the Italian, Italy finds herself the greatest naval Power immediately off the coast of the coveted land. Moreover, she now possesses the Dodecanese Islands, just the ideal strategic base for a descent upon Asia Minor should convenient pretext be afforded.

TO turn from colonies to foreign relations, the Fascist Government, it must be admitted, has obtained increasing prestige. Count Volpi's successes at Washington and London have dazzled the diplomatic as well as the financial world, while at Locarno no event seemed more reassuring than when Italy took her place alongside England as co-guarantor of the Rhine boundary.

Internal affairs having become progressively settled, Signor Mussolini, Foreign Minister as well as Prime Minister (always bent on giving the Italians something new to think about every week—another mark of his genius), is showing his hand more and more in external affairs. Sometimes it is a half-humorous, half-sarcastic gesture, as, for example, when he speaks of the tens of thousands of Italian laborers across the northwestern border as "making the prosperity and greatness of France;" or, as he looks across the northeastern, affirming that "so long as the Brenner approach remains in Austrian possession Italy feels strong enough to defend the pass without the aid of other Powers." (Let the French writhe under the implication.) Or, more earnestly, as he looks farther afield in that direction, he points out the danger of preventing or even of retarding Germany's admission into the League of Nations. Or, still more aggressively, he denounces German provocation in the now Italian Tyrol. As to Italian policy there, he proclaims "a Roman equity" and adds:

> This will be continued in these regions that, with great audacity, are sought to be inclosed in the circle of the German cultural community, whereas for us all the upper Adige is, and will remain always, in the political, historical, geographical, economic, and moral Italian integrity. . . . The native population of the upper Adige is absolutely outside of the number of the minorities, the objects of special agreements in the peace treaties. Italy will accept no discussion on this subject in any assembly or any council.

Later he said:

> Those people [the Germans] are not forgetting or abandoning their

[1] Last week Mr. Baldwin gave an account of Fascism's direction of internal affairs. This is another and contrasting story.—THE EDITORS.

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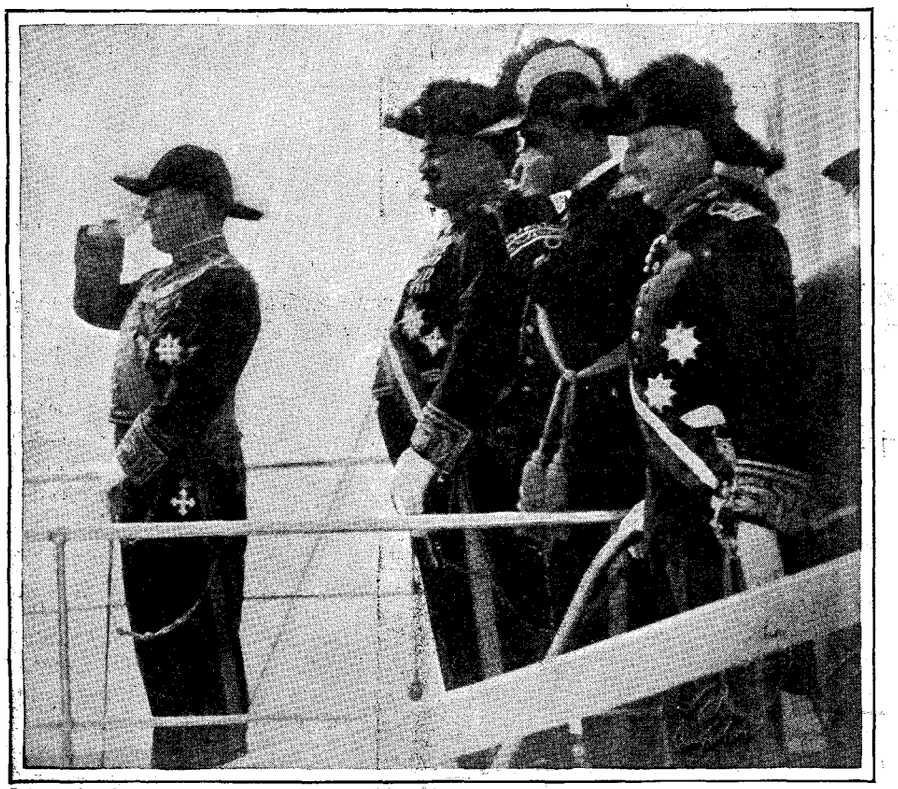

International

Premier Mussolini reviews his fleet

former dreams. That shows how legitimate and necessary my intervention was. "An impulsive gesture," does some one say? "an ebullition of ill feeling"? No. It was the act of a responsible Government chief who sees clearly and who is not afraid to speak up in order to be heard. Italy is ready, if necessary, to carry her banners beyond her present frontiers, but back, never!

This allusion to the possibility of holding provinces beyond the Alps and beyond the home seas, as the Roman Empire did, was surely not lost on any Fascist. In the peroration of some of his speeches the Duce is also apt to fan the flame of conquest, appealing to every Fascist's combative instinct by calling upon him to regard himself as a soldier who at any moment may be summoned to fight.

And here is one of the Premier's latest pronouncements:

> There is a general suspicion in foreign countries that Italy is pursuing an imperialist policy. Nations, like individuals, if they really want to live, must have imperialistic tendencies. Italian imperialism is, first of all, an expression of dignity on the part of Italians who are beginning to feel proud of their country. It is the necessity of economic and intellectual expansion to a really young nation which has arrived late on the scene. For, though Italy achieved political unity sixty years ago, she has been a state only four years. [Even some Fascists will hardly agree to this.—E. F. B.] . . .
>
> Italy must have her place in the world. She will seek it with good grace. The Allies, she hopes, will meet her legitimate aspirations halfway.

It is indeed a new Italy. Italians have been blowing their trumpets because of the Norge's success. This is natural, because not only was the dirigible built in Italy, but the crew was mostly Italian and was commanded by a gallant Italian officer, Colonel Nobile. The papers, however, are not satisfied with noting a merely national achievement; they are drawing political conclusions therefrom and see foreign expansion therein. The Rome "Tribuna" says, not surprisingly: "Italian participation in this conquest is the conscious voluntary expression of the new moral climate which Fascism, led by a national hero, has vouchsafed to Italy."

Most recent happenings, whether at home or abroad, gratifying the great majority of Italians, have correspondingly added to the present régime's popularity, and to that of its chief in particular. The instant reaction, not only here in Italy, but throughout the world, after the two recent attempts to assassinate him prove this. On the latter occasion, so a Fascist paper asserts, he received no less than forty thousand congratulatory telegrams. Italian sentiment may be noted by the concluding paragraph of a proclamation still to be seen on a neighboring wall. It was pasted there after the second attempt on the Duce's life, and reads thus: "Unfurl all your flags to the breeze. Raise the exultant cry affirming the vow: Now and ever God protect Italy, the King, and the person of Benito Mussolini."

But let Italy have a care. In the Duce's splendid successes lurk two menaces.

First, the dictatorship remains practically a one-man concern. What will happen when Mussolini is no more? No matter how thoroughly he has won a great majority to his rule—and he has—it has been won not only because of Fascism's accomplishments, but also because its leader was the increasingly compelling pledge of more. No other Italian can match him in that. Any other Duce must therefore be a poor successor and face a corresponding dislocation of affairs political, economic, social, moral.

The second menace is the suppression of public opinion in speech and press. Italians are proud of Charles Albert's Constitution of 1848, granting newspaper freedom. Not until July, 1924 (after the Matteotti crime), did the Government decree vexatious restrictions on the press, intrusting their execution to the provincial prefects. In January, 1925, these restrictions were still further aggravated, and are now at such a pitch that the whole Italian press is practically forbidden to make any criticism of the Government. If any newspaper does, not only is its issue confiscated, but the entire enterprise is liable to indefinite suspension. This has recently been startlingly proved.

Such drastic rule is itself a confirmation of weakness under seeming strength. Let us hope that a system will be found insuring discipline and liberty alike. The state's duty is to protect life, liberty, and property. Fascism has done much to protect life and property, but its protection of liberty, though insuring some, leaves much to be desired.

"Live dangerously," is Mussolini's motto. It is a stirring one. The only criticism is that at times its exponent may mistake violence for strength. To interfere with Mussolini's magnificent strength would be a pity. He doubtless thinks the gagging of the press conserves it. To some others, however, gagging seems only a petty exhibition of intolerance.

Milan.

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The Colorful Side of Ellis Island

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

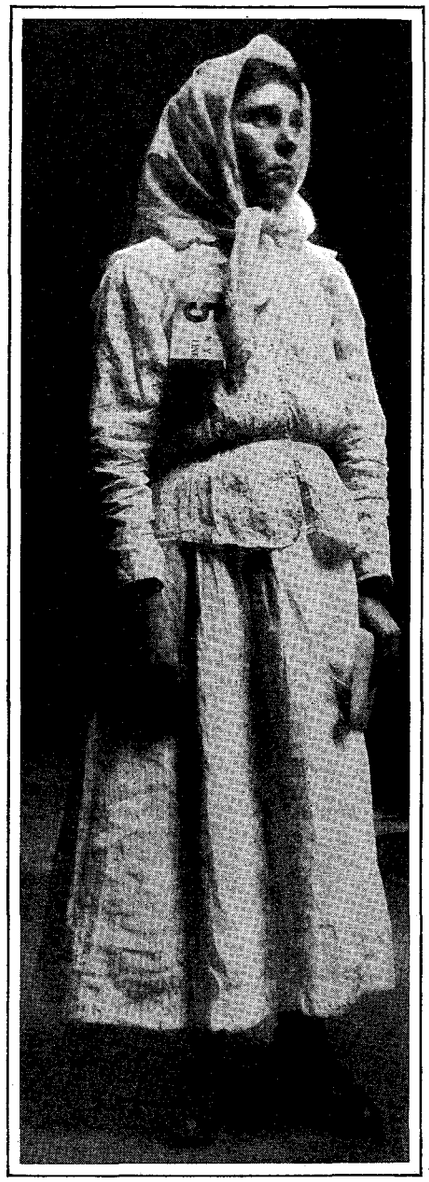
NO, the color has not all gone from Ellis Island. Though its dwindling pilgrimage, decimated by the Quota Law and by the new plan of inspection abroad, may have brought a tinge of rust to the hinges of our National gate, once stormed by a million a year, there is yet what the artists call atmosphere there.

Endearingly quaint and picturesque are the immigrants at times. The dainty little bodice from Bohemia is still in evidence; boys and girls from bonny Scotland occasionally come over disporting their kilts and tartan plaids; the Spanish and Italian men are still wearing corduroy velveteen; the mantilla has not been discarded by the adorable señoritas from Spain; the dark-eyed girls from Italy continue to put on white satin the day they land in America, no matter how cold the weather may be, just as if it were their wedding day; and the sober-minded Amazons from the hinterlands of northern Europe mock solemnly at modern modes of scanty skirts by wearing sixteen of them at a time, with cowhide boots away up to their knees, defying all laws of comfort and symmetry.

True, the World War did much toward standardizing dress for the men and women of every European country. The literacy test in our Immigration Law of recent years may have played a great part, too, in its deterring influence upon the peasantry of those lands whence came in former years the oddly artistic rustics in their colorful costumes. Moreover, most of the immigrants who have come to America since the war had been furnished with American-made clothes and shoes by their kindred residing here.

It seems remarkable how quickly the edicts of fashion are heard around the world and how promptly they are obeyed throughout the cities, towns, and villages of every land. Just a few years ago there was not a Chinaman in America who didn't have his queue trailing well-nigh to the ground. To-day he goes pompadoured and wears tortoise-shell eyeglasses, no different from the bond salesman in the street carrying his brief-case. It has just been announced from the Near East that the women of Turkey are no longer required to wear veils. Surely, all the world is coming to a uniform mode of dress except the poor Eskimo, whose styles are set by the thermometer.

Another stabilizing force in the unification of dress, and one which must be given more than flippant note, is the fox-trot. American music has followed the flag over the seven seas and into the four corners of earth. The skipper of a



Rosalia Burdriak as she looked when she came to Ellis Island

United States Shipping Board vessel says that when he landed at the mouth of the Congo River, on the west coast of Africa, a half-dressed Negro wearing moon-shaped earrings came down to the landing chanting "Yes, We Have No Bananas," to the amazement of the American crew. Sailors back from the cafés of Mexico and South America say that "La Paloma," with its mandolins and castanets, has given way to " 'Tain't Gonna Rain No More," with its rattling banjos and Charleston step.

All these far-reaching, distracting influences have had the effect of robbing our newcomers at Ellis Island of some of the color that characterized immigration of former years. Aliens still bring their mandolins and guitars to Ellis Island and generally carry them swinging from their shoulders by brightly colored bands, troubadour style—these knightly amateurs, always amatory and romantic. But when they strike up their music in felicitous celebration of their landing here it is never a classic or a folk-lore song from their native lands, as it used to be. It is more apt to be "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby."

A case in point was when the three girl musicians, Rachel, Sonia, and Anna Maranz, from a remote Polish town, came over from their war-torn home town in Central Europe, bound for Indiana, and, though they could speak no word of English, played "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away" with an almost ante-Volsteadian expression. These girls were the life of the party, so to speak, that day they spent on Ellis Island. With their luminous corn-silk hair, their brightly colored costumes, their versatility of language (excepting the English language), their delight at seeing such culinary prodigality, their amusement at such wassail as the ginger-ale bottles betrayed in this land of prohibition, their unrestrained merriment, their bubbling gladness at being at last this side the Statue of Liberty, and their "Banks of the Wabash Far Away," they were indeed the life of the party, and they are remembered yet by matrons, guards, doctors, nurses, everybody on the island, as irresistible proof that the old melting-pot of Uncle Sam is no myth. Some skeptical restrictionist will ask, "How does such a trifling incident prove any such thing?" The answer is this: These girls had relatives living in Indiana, and these relatives had already caught the infection of patriotism breathed into all true Americans by such songs as the "Banks of the Wabash." They had sent the music to the old home town in Poland, and it had already begun its work of Americanization. When the girls came in sight of the Statue of Liberty, their war-time terrors and sorrows were more readily forgotten and they could look forward to brighter and better lives by following the tinkle of

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their mandolins to a visualized future home in Indiana. They could not as yet speak the words, but the music was enough. They were no longer Poles. They were not yet Americans, but they were in love with America, and that is about all that is necessary.

Another Polish girl who will dwell in the memories of all workers among the immigrants on Ellis Island was Rosalia Burdriak. Though just sixteen, she had come alone from away out on the Russian border, from a little town which had borne the brunt of devastation wrought by the occupation of three armies. She wore the clumsy clothes of an aged peasant woman, with a white handkerchief tied about her wealth of brown girlish tresses. When her masquerading was exposed by a woman interpreter, she said that her mother had made her wear the dress of an old woman for safety on her long journey alone, and then she added, with a roguish little wink, "But just you wait till you see me in Chicago!"

With the Scandinavians it is a matter of pride to be dressed in modern style when they come to America. Few immigrants pay so much attention to the neatness of themselves or their baggage. There is an old adage in the railroad room of Ellis Island to the effect that you can tell a Scandinavian by his trunk. They all have fine, strong, leather-bound trunks and suit-cases. The women sometimes dress their small children in the native costumes of the descendants of the vikings, as did Mrs. Henry Johanson, from the uppermost foothills of Sweden, when she came to the island with her three boys—Harry, Karl, and Henry. The little fellows wore jackets of yellow and breeches of blue—the familiar colors of Sweden—and were, indeed, picturesque figures on the playground of the immigration station the day they spent there waiting for a train to take them to the Northwest, where all the Scandinavians go. Although it was cold that day, according to what New Yorkers call cold, these little pink-faced, honey-haired vikings from away up along the Arctic Circle went looking for banana trees on Ellis Island. New York seemed very tropical to the boys. Believers in the Nordic strain as the most assimilable kind of immigration would have been delighted at the sight of such healthy, happy, smiling, blue-eyed immigrant boys playing about the National gates, bedecked in their native costumes of blue and yellow.

Sometimes, too, but not often, the young women of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark arrive at Ellis Island wearing the native costumes of their countries, now to be found far back in the hinterlands. Bertha Erikson was one who did, but apologetically explained that she only wore the beflowered dress as a contrast to the American styles. "I wanted you to see for yourselves which is the prettier," she said in Swedish as we all looked on with lingering wonder and admiration. The flapper stenographer girls from upstairs, in abbreviated skirts, with their white stockings rolled down as far as the law will allow, were inclined to

Bertha Erikson, who wore her native costume just to show American girls the Swedish styles

giggle as they gazed upon Bertha's buff dress with its long, flowing skirts all ablaze with iridescent roses and painted bouquets. There was the charm of quaintness about the laced corsage and the beflowered bonnet she wore, and, lo! such peach-blossomed cheeks, such celestial blue in her eyes—just as though she had stepped right off the picture on a china cup or an Anders Zorn canvas! Was she admitted? Yes, even though she was the very last of the Swedish quota and others on the same ship were turned back.

Quite different was the fate of Margareta Storm, daughter of a white man, but born on the Malayan Peninsula, a zone of undesirables. It should be explained that there is a certain slice of this old earth, defined by certain longitude and latitude, from which no immigrants are allowed to come to the United States, except as students or on missions of temporary sojourn here. It is called in immigration parlance the barred zone.

Margareta's bronzed cheeks, from beneath which there gleamed a red blush of youth shining through the yellow, betrayed her as having been born of Oriental blood, though her name was German and she was so listed on the ship's manifest. Quizzed by the inspector, the child of fourteen broke down and wept. Interpreters in German and Spanish—she was just out of a convent in Argentina and could speak several languages, though a mere child—gleaned from her stammerings a story so full of pathos it would drive a moving-picture producer mad. Her father had been a rich jeweler in Germany, who, in roaming around the world in search of precious stones, had been attracted to the Malayan Peninsula, where rubies and sapphires abound. He married a native of that Indo-Chinese land; but his wife did not live long. After her death, and when Margareta was less than five years old, Hugo Storm resumed his wanderings and finally settled in Argentina. His fortune gone, he went to sea as master of a vessel, leaving Margareta in a seminary in Buenos Aires. More lately Storm married again. Life was offering little happiness for Margareta in her new environment. Out of the convent, she felt that she was in the way, though there was every outward evidence that her father's love of her and memory for her mother had not waned. She had grown wiser than her age, having lived in the world of books there in the seminary. She knew her father had a brother in America, a Lutheran minister, somewhere in the Northwestern States. She begged to be allowed to come to America. She would grow up as a servant in the home of her uncle, and just go on living in her books. Such was the poor girl's narrative, one of the most pathetic in all the annals of immigration. But her uncle never called at Ellis Island for Margareta. There might have been found a knot-hole in the law. She might have been admitted as a student. Missionaries on Ellis Island, regardless of their religious affiliations, took pity, but could render no service. The case was never

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even appealed to the discretionary powers of the Secretary of Labor. Margareta was deported back to Argentina. As the ship left its dock and headed past the Statue of Liberty the little "Sapphire," as they endearingly called her on Ellis Island, was reading in German text a book entitled "Warum?"—which means Why?

Never has there been such a basis advanced for entry into the United States as Miss Phyllis Curtis, from Wales, set forth when she landed on Ellis Island chaperoned by Mrs. Emily Hughes, a friend of her mother's. She said she was engaged to marry William Williams, a young Welshman who had come over already and was prosperous at Nanticoke, Pennsylvania. She had no relatives in the United States, but proposed to live at the home of her fiancé's parents, who were her mother's friends since childhood, until she became eighteen; then she could be married. No girl had ever advanced such an extraordinary plea. When girls too young to marry come here, unless they have relatives in the country to guarantee their support and care, they are usually excluded under the law, as likely to become public charges, and sent back to their mothers in Europe. But there were such innocence and sweetness, such old-fashioned frankness, about this girl from Wales as to break down the most adamantine of Ellis Island regulations.

"I know I am too young to get married now," she bashfully admitted, "and my mother knows it, too. But she agreed to let me come over and be near the man I am going to marry and wait in the home of his parents until I am old enough."

Mrs. Hughes, the Welsh girl's chaperon, added: "This may seem a little strange and unconventional, but the families are united by a bond of honorable affection. You see, in Wales all men are neighbors and all neighbors are friends."

Miss Curtis was, indeed, an old-fashioned girl, and won the hearts of everybody on the Island. They called her "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and when she was put on a train for Pennsylvania the railroad room resounded with cheery shouts of "Good-by, Alice!"

The Government of Canada

How It Is Formed and How It Functions

By DON C. SEITZ

WITH the wide West clamoring for a partnership with Canada in the construction of a deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the sea by the St. Lawrence River, calling also for an arrangement over electric power developed through the improvement, our neighbor to the North becomes a matter of new concern. Her increasing independence of Great Britain also adds to what should be interest in her affairs on this side of the border.

Canada has the territory and resources to become a great nation, yet is unable to hold her people. Why? It is not my purpose to attempt an answer, but to dwell a little upon the form and functioning of the Canadian Government. In doing this I am under obligations to a monograph just issued by the Oxford Press, written by Professor Robert A. Mackey, of Cornell University, on "The Unreformed Senate of Canada," from which it appears that the country has a problem in its upper house, just as we have in the United States, though less complex and expensive.

Canada became a Federation in 1867 of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The last three, termed the Maritime Provinces, were remote from the seat of Government, established at Ottawa, and at the time were without railway communication. This was established in season by the construction of the profitless Intercolonial Railway, which has never served either to make money or to unite the sections. Subsequently the western provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia, even more remote, were added, with a thousand miles of wilderness separating them from Ontario and Quebec, the centers of population. Ottawa was a created capital on the eastern edge of the wilderness, and so remains.

The Government thus constructed has for titular head a Governor-General, appointed by the Crown and sent overseas from England. Over and above him is the Privy Council at Westminster. To the Governor-General are conceded no powers of weight beyond calling to life a Cabinet, in accordance with the will of the people as manifested in their choice of a House of Parliament. There being no inherited nobility in Canada, the upper house took the form of a Senate, not elected, as in our case (or purchased), but named for life. In short, they were Conscript Fathers, who owed their being to the Premier, head of the Cabinet, representing the party in control. He picked men from his own ranks, who were then "summoned" to serve by the Governor-General, in the Queen's (or King's) name. The appointee had to qualify in property to the net extent of $4,000. The Senate was frankly the protector of property.

Originally, this Senate consisted of seventy-two members. Its present strength is ninety-six, the outside limit being one hundred and four.

Agitators for progress have long endeavored to change the system of selecting the Senate, but no effort has ever succeeded. It remains unreformed. The Government has been singularly stable. Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative Premier, enjoyed one term of thirteen years; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Liberal, fifteen years; and Sir Robert L. Borden, Conservative, eleven. Borden came into power on a wave that rejected reciprocity with the United States, after an acrimonious campaign, in which Laurier lost out. He was ousted by W. L. Mackenzie King, who held on, thanks to a split in the west, by a plurality in the Commons until June 28, when his precarious Ministry fell.

Oddly enough, but two of the provinces, Quebec and Nova Scotia, sport an upper house. Single assemblies govern in all the others. The result of the method of appointment has been, since Sir John A. Macdonald's time, to keep the Senate in opposition to the ruling Cabinet. There appear to have been no clashes of any moment; the tendency of the Senate has been conciliatory, and on the whole wise, not so much preventing legislation as delaying it until all sides of the question could be more clearly seen. It does not appear to have ever made any serious mistakes.

Thus the Senate is solid and inelastic, and the House fluid, though not easily changed, as the long-lasting régimes show. The dissatisfaction so far manifested is really with the easily created solidarity, which prevents change. The Premier has a vast power vested in the patronage he controls, of which the Sen-

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ate is no slight part. So it is that a Senator in Canada is a party asset, instead of a liability, as in the United States, while the Premier comes pretty close to being a despot.

Legislatively, the Senate is a sort of sieve, for all measures must originate in the House, which also holds the purse-strings. The Senate can cut appropriations, but may not increase them. The rejection of a bill by the Senate, however, does not send the question before the electorate and so dissolve the Government. That power remains with the House.

No such autocracy has ever resulted as that we face here, where the Senate arrogates so much unto itself and overrules Congress without consideration. Put briefly, the net result for Canada is that she really has but one Government, while over here we have five kinds—the President, the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, and the party machine.

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

ONE day, when he was a boy, Charles Stelzle had his bag all packed for a voyage to Europe. But he did not sail until some thirty years later. And then when he went, he went not as he had first intended, to leave America out of his make-up and become German, as his ancestors were, but to visit England as an American with an American message. And it was not until even later that he finally reached Germany. Something of what he observed in England and Germany he tells in this installment, as well as some of his experiences in Mexico.

XIX

Experiences in Foreign Countries

MY first experience in Europe was in 1910. It was about this time that some of the leading New York churches seemed enamored of English preachers.

One day I met with the Presbytery of London, and, after addressing them on some phase of the industrial situation in the United States, I was surrounded after the meeting by a group of a dozen or more, who questioned me very closely about the opportunities which they might have in America.

Looking at them half quizzically but with a serious face, I said:

"To tell the truth, the reason that these American churches are calling so many English preachers is because they like your brogue and your long hair, but after you have been over in our country for some time and your speech becomes Americanized and your hair falls out you'll have to make good like the rest of us."

They looked at one another quickly in surprise. I did not stop to explain. When I walked out of the church, my friend who had introduced me to the meeting—himself a prominent minister who was later called to one of our larger American churches—simply howled with laughter, and every once in a while during the day as we traveled about he would slap his knee and would refer to the joke on the London preachers.

ON this first trip to Europe I addressed some of the social and religious leaders, and also some large meetings of brotherhoods in various parts of England and Scotland which were composed mainly of workingmen. In Belfast I told the audience that at the close of my address I would be very glad to answer questions. The first question put to me was submitted by a rather aggressive-looking Socialist.

"Do you think it is right for a church to own a distillery?" he asked me.

Turning to the questioner, I said, "I suppose that you really mean whether it is right for the Church to accept a contribution from a distillery," because I felt sure that he had not stated his question correctly.

"No," he came back, half fiercely; "I mean just what I say. Do you think it is right for the Church to own a distillery?"

"Not on your life!" I fired back at him.

Whereupon the presiding officer arose and said that the Irish Presbyterian Church had been left two distilleries by the wills of their former owners, and that they had not yet been able to dispose of them. I was amazed later to discover that fifteen hundred clergymen, all of them in the Church of England, I understood, owned stock in English breweries and distilleries.

The whole question of prohibition is quite different in England from that in the United States, and it will undoubtedly take a very much longer time to have prohibition placed upon the statute-books in England than it did in America. I found, for example, that, whereas in the United States the people of the rural districts were strong for prohibition, the same class in England drink as much, if not more, than people do in the town. Furthermore, the race question, which was largely responsible for the Southern States voting for prohibition, does not exist in England. There is, also, no particular desire on the part of English employers, as there is on the part of employers in America, to have their workers cease drinking.

WHEN I went to London in 1924, it was primarily for the purpose of addressing the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. About 2,000 delegates went from the United States to attend this advertising meeting. Afterwards I remained about three months to study social conditions in Europe.

Extensive preparations had been made for my giving a number of addresses in London and on the Continent. The fact that in practically every case I was introduced as the founder and superintendent of the Labor Temple in New York City (although my work at the Labor Temple had really been quite incidental compared with a number of other activities) indicated that the work at the Labor Temple was in the minds of Europeans the most striking thing with which I had to do.

I spent two weeks in Geneva, studying the League of Nations, but mainly the Labor Department of the League. There were many difficulties in the way—differences in countries, in laws, in customs, in economic status, indeed, in standards of every kind—but, in spite of this, the impression which I got from interviews with executives and the analysis of the reports which I read and which I have

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since carefully studied lead me to the conclusion that here is an enterprise, whatever may be its political implications, which is worthy of the support of every right-thinking people the world over. It has rightly been called a real "Parliament of Man."

It was with a good deal of a thrill that I stood on the long city pier on the river-front of Hull, in the fall of 1924, and gazed across the Humber, and recalled that just on the other side a contingent of the Pilgrims had arranged with a Dutch captain to take them across to Holland in their first flight towards freedom.

The immediate occasion of my being in Hull at that time was to attend the Convention of the British Trade Union Congress. It was just one hundred years since labor in England was permitted to organize, and it was the first anniversary of the coming into power of the Labor Party.

In addressing a mass-meeting of workingmen in Hull on Sunday night I said incidentally that, after witnessing the scenes in Hull's public-houses on the night before and seeing large numbers of workingmen and workingwomen reeling about in the streets all during the evening, I was not particularly disturbed about whatever competition working people of this type might offer the American workingman in the industrial field.

The introduction of the fraternal delegates was a noteworthy event in that Congress. When the five delegates from the All-Russian Council of Trade Unionists appeared upon the platform, the delegates arose to their feet and cheered terrifically. The delegate from the Canadian Trade and Labor Congress was also enthusiastically received, but, to my amazement, when the two delegates from the American Federation of Labor were presented there was scarcely a handclap.

Later it was demonstrated to me that at least part of the opposition to the American delegates was due to the fact that the British Trade Union Congress is so thoroughly wedded to its political program that it is utterly out of patience with the American Federation of Labor on account of its lack of interest in the formation of a political party.

I was impressed with one outstanding fact in all the discussion during the week. The Russians, in spite of the glowing picture of their idealistic dreams, told a story of hunger and suffering of every kind—and Russia, as it was stated, has a "dictatorship of the proletariat." The British had a Labor Government in power, but there were pitiful stories told of unemployment and underfeeding throughout the country. But when the American delegate presented his report, after having been at least tacitly charged with representing a Government that was plainly capitalistic in its character, he told of the great progress made by American workingmen, the abundance of employment, the large sums of money being deposited in Labor Banks, and in general the healthy and prosperous conditions under which the workers of his country were living, although he frankly admitted that conditions were by no means ideal. These strong contrasts stood out very clearly after each country had told its story.

ONE of the most dramatic incidents which I ever experienced happened on the Sunday afternoon that all of Germany celebrated the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the World War.

In Berlin the memorial service—for the celebration took the form of remembrance of the soldier dead—was held on the steps of the Reichstag building, which was appropriately decorated, not only with flags and banners and evergreens, but with soldiers in their war-time uniforms and the officials of the new Republic. There must have been fully a quarter of a million people in the immense audience, which was packed solidly as far as the eye could reach.

It had been arranged that exactly at noon the entire nation was to pause for two minutes, with heads uncovered, out of respect to the soldiers who had died in the war. At the first sound of the cannon, which was to be the signal for the two minutes of silence, a large group of men back of the Bismarck statue, who proved to be Communists, began to sing their international hymn and fiercely pulled their hats down over their heads in defiance of the request that their heads remain uncovered. They threw their "Red" literature into the air and gave cheer after cheer for the Communist Party. This naturally destroyed entirely the climax of the meeting, which ended in great confusion. A group of mounted police tried to rush the Communists back of the statue, but failed to disperse them. It seemed to me that the people themselves showed mighty little spirit in not protesting against this direct insult offered their soldier dead. I wondered what would have happened in almost any city in America if a similar demonstration had been attempted at a memorial service.

I attended another meeting in what was formerly the home of one of the nobility in Germany of a society representing the owners of large estates. At this meeting, which consisted largely of the aristocracy of Berlin, a strong monarchistic spirit was displayed. This was shown, not only in the addresses given, but in conversations which I had with many of those present.

One of the striking things I encountered in Germany was the "Youth Movement." Night after night I saw groups of young people parading through Unter den Linden with military precision in their movements—boys and girls together, carrying guitars and zithers and other musical instruments, and often singing as they marched. The movement had its origin, I was told, in the desire on the part of the youth in Germany to be free from all adult control—in politics, in religion, and in social and economic life. They stood for the simple life. They did not drink or smoke. They were said to hold to the highest ideals in their conduct. They roamed about the country and conducted meetings in churches or upon the streets, their leaders speaking in favor of simple living. Originally they resorted to the woods, were plainly

Photograph by Charles Stelzle

Memorial meeting in honor of Germany's soldier dead in front of the Reichstag building, on the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the World War

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dressed, and lived on vegetables. Many of them, finding no response in the Church, turned to Socialism. They danced the old folk-dances and sang the old folk-songs. But as the movement grew it seemed to flatten out.

Much the same sort of thing was found among the working people of Germany. In the main they have long been opposed to the Church, but it was said by those who were closest to them that real religion and the ethics of Jesus have always appealed to them. This has been the supreme motive of the best of the Socialists and Communists, I was told, even though they were alienated from the Church itself. The reason why Marxian Socialism has been so bitterly hated is that it is reputed to have destroyed patriotism among fully one-third of the population, so that patriotism as it exists in America, in France, or in Poland does not exist in Germany. This point is one reason why the Jews are so bitterly hated in Germany—that is, because the international spirit among them is stronger than the German spirit.

One of the most prominent leaders in the industrial life of Germany said to me that, as the Germans had for two thousand years been accustomed to being ruled by a Kaiser, it was simply impossible for them to adjust themselves to the ways of a democracy. When I asked him if he really believed that they had learned nothing in two thousand years in the way of self-government, and that they were not capable of keeping abreast of all modern tendencies in this direction, he simply shook his head half pityingly, as though I did not understand, remarking, however, that the German people are quite different from every other race in the world—temperamentally, historically, politically, and scientifically. He said that there never was a time when the majority of the German people favored a republic, and that between sixty and seventy per cent of the people were at heart in favor of a monarchical form of government. I was very much astonished to hear an American newspaper man who had been in Germany for ten years make substantially the same statements.

I WENT to Mexico while that country was in the midst of one of its periodical revolutions—during the interval when Pancho Villa and Carranza were the centers of attraction. I found that fundamentally the revolutions in Mexico were due to economic causes more than to political controversies, and that one of the chief causes for Mexican revolutions was the fact that the people were landless. Every revolutionary leader during the past one hundred years has promised to give back the land to the people, but not one of them has made good on his promises.

Photograph by Charles Stelzle

Against this bullet-scarred wall in the Juarez jail prisoners have been stood for execution

One reason why it was so difficult to conquer the armies of Carranza and Villa was that most of the soldiers had no permanent abiding-place. They owned neither houses nor lands, and they could just as comfortably live in the fastnesses of the mountains, depending upon forays for food and supplies, as to live in the average Mexican "town."

I was in Juarez on the Sunday evening when Carranza came to establish his capital in that city. The streets and roads were lined with soldiers, and hundreds of Secret Service men mingled with the crowds. Among the soldiers who stood on guard, many of whom were old men, there were boys who could not have been more than fourteen or fifteen. I saw many Mexican boys with limbs shot off and faces badly bruised, victims of the revolution.

Two little fellows, growing weary of standing still so long, began to play. A passing dog furnished amusement for them. They prodded him with their guns and seemed greatly to enjoy the howls of the animal, as did the crowd. The boy soldiers began wrestling a bit and doing other boylike stunts, when an officer approached. I expected the officer to exercise his authority and severely rebuke the youngsters, but, to my amazement, he merely shook his head and spoke gently to them. This officer evidently knew his job—at any rate, he understood boys.

Finally, shots were heard in the distance.

After a company of horsemen, followed Carranza, walking bareheaded in the dusty road, surrounded by a mob of his people. They crowded him hard in an effort to get near him. He stood head and shoulders above them, walking with a long, firm stride, his head thrown back and his long beard flowing. Rumor had it that Carranza was a broken old man, unfit to be President of Mexico, but his bearing on this occasion belied that story.

One day I was walking through one of the side-streets of Juarez, looking for camera objects. On one corner I saw a *cantino*—a saloon—in front of which reeled a group of Constitutionalist soldiers loaded down with big cartridges, which were inserted in several belts slung about their bodies. I had taken a picture of them from across the street, when they spied me. One of the group called out as he came toward me, with a rifle in his hand. I had been warned not to go to Juarez alone with a camera, and I thought that now my time had surely come, because I believed that this drunken Mexican soldier was capable of doing almost anything to an American.

"Hey!" he called; "you take a picture?"

"Yes," I replied. I could not deny it. Then I waited for whatever he was going to do to me, but, to my great relief, he simply asked:

"You take a picture of my house—my family?"

"Sure," I said, gayly. "Come on. Where do you live?" for I now understood that he wanted me to take a picture of his home and his wife and his children.

"Oh, *mañana*" (to-morrow), he said; "nine o'clock to-morrow."

And this story tells what Mexico suffers from most of all—*mañana;* it is characteristic of the people. Even their guerrilla warfare is a sort of *mañana* affair—an ever-continuing, never-ending struggle.

Next week Mr. Stelzle will conclude his Autobiography appropriately—with some conclusions

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

A Second-Rate Robin Hood

MR. LOVE, an accomplished writer, does not attempt to apotheosize his hero, Jesse James,[1] and only quotes extenuating circumstances for his amazing career. That the son of a Baptist minister should become a bandit is accounted for by the tempting environment of the Kansas-Missouri border during the Civil War, coupled with an education beginning at the age of sixteen in the ranks of Quantrill's guerrillas. This school did its perfect work in the case of Jesse James. It might be explained that the Baptist parson parent lit out for Calfornia when the boy was young, perished there, and left his bringing up to a tolerant stepfather and a mother who "believed" in her boy against all calumnies until he came home in a box with Robert Ford's bullet through his rather curiously constructed skull.

He was encouraged to join Quantrill by some excessively warm attention on the part of non-Confederate neighbors in Jackson County, Missouri, a section now decorously dominated by Kansas City. These spurred him on, and seem to have soured his disposition. Mr. Love gives voice, without indorsement, to the view that the activities of the James brothers after the cessation of hostilities was an ignorant endeavor to carry on the conflict against the North. This does not work out in the evidence, nor does he try to prove it. The truth would appear that Jesse James discovered that a horse that could move faster than any other and a finger that was quicker on the trigger, guided by an unerring eye, furnished means for living at the expense of others that was agreeable, profitable, and exciting. He seldom suffered from *ennui*.

Certainly, Jesse James, his rather superior brother, Frank, the three Younger brothers, and some inconsequent companions who never achieved really high rank—at least one of whom had to be shot by J. J. himself—were flourishing freebooters. To these gentlemen are given credit for originating the lofty art of train robbing, which, as narrated in several glowing episodes, seems simple enough. The express messengers were ill armed and not courageous; as for the train hands, it was none of their business to protect the safe in the baggage-car. So such exploits were readily slipped over. Deeds on the highway, like stage-coach hold-ups, were sinecures, as was the looting of the cashier's cage at the Kansas City State Fair, by which Jesse and Frank made themselves about $10,000 richer. No one cared to interrupt them as they rode joyously away, popping their revolvers after the manner of champagne corks. Parenthetically, Jesse never drank, and his first misfortune came from the silly conduct of a follower who did. Personally, he was a thoroughgoing dry, and had joined the church.

The plundered express companies sent many Pinkertons after the James brothers, some to their death. One bunch of detectives bombed the James's homestead and blew off their mother's arm. This incident is cited as further increasing Jesse's embitterment against organized society.

The great tale of the book is that of the attack on the Northfield Bank, in Minnesota, where the citizens rose with exemplary valor and shot down or captured all of the gang except Jesse and Frank James. The Minnesotans have always proved their courage on the battlefield, and were not remiss here. One Younger brother was killed and two went to prison for life—to be eventually released, after a lengthy period of perfect conduct in prison.

Indeed, neither the James nor the Younger brothers had any failing except that of train and bank robbing. Both occupations grew in risk after the Northfield affair. The Rock Island made itself immune by gallantly issuing an annual pass to the crippled mother of the pair. Jesse traveled about a good deal, lived in various cities, including Baltimore, and "farmed" it near Nashville. Neither he nor Frank were ever publicly pictured, so detectives could not follow their persons through portraiture. Mr. Love gives a copy of one tintype that Jesse always carried with him. It does not show a prepossessing person, though Frank James and Cole Younger would pass for good fellows anywhere. There is a suggestion of the snake about Jesse.

To look back, it is astonishing that their vogue should have been so long. What was everybody's business was nobody's business, and the robbers flourished accordingly. Mr. Love puts a deal of himself in the book, and so adds to its entertaining qualities. Perforce, he leaves much that was mysterious unexplained. People in those parts learned that it did not pay to gossip about the James brothers, and tales that would make other volumes have sunk out of sight in the sands of time. So there is plenty of blood in the book, but little thunder.

D. C. S.

[1] The Rise and Fall of Jesse James. By Robertus Love. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Fiction

ONE LITTLE MAN. By Christopher Ward. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

Hundreds of readers who delight in Mr. Ward as a literary caricaturist will open this novel with hope and curiosity and close it with disappointment. Not that it is bad, but that it is mediocre. Here is a writer trained to note the differences of school and school, style and style, and all the variations of range and material made use of in the current novel. You might think his skill would have taught him to avoid anything of a hackneyed kind or species—to build something new at all costs. In fact, his book is not only imitative, it is rather feebly imitative, and of an inferior article. It is a novel of mediocrity, a deliberate study of a weakling, an ineffectual, the pathetic average man, the dub or duffer of daily life. Alas, how well we know him, and how willingly we would forget him! How we weary of him as a plaything of talent, a butt of the minor irony! Only genius may interpret him now, to our advantage; and didn't Mr. Wells (to speak in terms of our generation) do that once for all in "Mr. Polly"?

CHIMES. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This book was bound to come from Mr. Herrick sooner or later. For many years he must have been brooding, with his penetrating melancholy gaze, upon that academic spectacle of which he was at least a nominal part. In "Chimes" he assembles his impressions, and tells the world of the American university where, from his mournful point of view, it gets off. There must be a great to-do in Chicago, spotting the originals of his present personæ. This has happened before, to no great profit, and it is a sport of little interest for the larger public. Assuming in a general way that "Eureka University" on its lake shore has the University of Chicago for its immediate model, that young Clavercin of Harvard is drawn from young Herrick of Harvard, who went to Chicago in 1893 and helped rock the cradle of that ambitious and well-subsidized institution, the main question remains, whether this is a good novel as a novel.

And the main answer is that, like most of Mr. Herrick's longer narratives, it suffers from inability to get far enough from its data and its models for interpretation. This is a brilliant and often disconcerting commentary on that aspect of America represented by the academic life. Its portraits have surprising verisimilitude, but never step down from their frames. Its action never succeeds; it achieves the illusion of spontaneity. The value of the performance as a whole is documentary rather than creative. And the net effect of the testimony is adverse to that sad little creature man, whom Mr. Herrick observes

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blundering about the earth's surface without his permission, and against whom he appears to cherish a sort of gentle grudge, as an object of which better things might reasonably have been expected.

Art

ART THROUGH THE AGES: An Introduction to Its History and Significance. By Helen Gardner. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $4.

Professor Edgell, who gives at Harvard much the sort of course as that on which this text-book is based, usually prefaces his lectures with the remark that there would be nothing said or shown in the classroom which a normally educated person would not know already. That is perfectly true, the unfortunate part being that so many of us know so little of the history of art.

Miss Helen Gardner comes to the rescue with some 675 pictures and nearly as many pages of text to explain what it is all about, and there is an imposing glossary that will put any architect or decorator in his place, with words like narthex, retable, chiaroscuro, predella, and stylobate.

The book has the advantage of completeness. From prehistoric rock carvings to Pablo Picasso, by way of Benevenuto Cellini and the Woolworth Building, Miss Gardner makes her way with a few kind words for them all. Her pictures are chosen with a good deal of taste and her facts are important. But it smells of the classroom. It is written in the language of a bright student's examination paper. "The other painter of North Italy of whom we shall speak is Correggio, the painter whose work expresses lyric joy." Phrases like that fill the book. Correggio expresses lyric joy, whatever that is. There is no space in an outline of this sort for a sensible discussion of Correggio's painting—it is not to be expected. Miss Gardner has our national distaste for keeping quiet when she has nothing to say, and so "we note" Whistler's fluid technique and ephemeral representation; Verocchio expresses ease, grace, and facility; undoubtedly, Wordsworth exalts the placid beauties of nature—and Correggio expresses lyric joy.

Biography

MY APPRENTICESHIP. By Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $6.

This is one of the most important autobiographies that have appeared in a number of years. It is the life story, up to the time of her marriage, of a social reformer of signal intellectual ability, who doubtless ranks first among the women who have influenced the social thought of England. This younger daughter (the eighth among nine) of a railway magnate found little in what is called "society" to interest her, and therefore chose a career. It was the time of a general awakening among the comfortable classes to a sense of the wretched condition of the poor, and she became a "sociological investigator." In this capacity she aided Charles Booth in his monumental work on "The Life and Labor of the People in London." Later she studied at first hand the co-operative movement, and afterward trade-unionism, and by the beginning of the 90's she had become a convert to Socialism. Since her marriage to Sidney Webb, in the summer of 1892, her social and literary work has been merged with that of her husband.

"The Other One," though certified to be "the predominant partner of the firm of Webb," figures little in these pages. His time will come in the succeeding volume, to be called "Our Partnership." The outstanding figure is that of Herbert Spencer, and to many readers the portions that deal with him will prove of absorbing interest. Though the ardent neophyte sat at the feet

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of this philosophical Gamaliel and listened patiently and studied deeply, she never became a Spencerian. She distrusted his dogmatic generalizations; and, moreover, in science alone she could find no answer to the painful riddle of the earth; nor, as she believes, could Spencer himself in his later years. Many other notables appear, among them the brilliant Frederic Harrison, high priest of Positivism. A rare book, which reveals the unfolding of a richly gifted personality in a highly complex environment.

GROWING UP WITH A CITY. By Louise de Koven Bowen. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Mrs. Bowen grew up with the city of Chicago; Chicagoans know that she also helped the city of Chicago to grow up, to realize its mature responsibilities toward its wards, dependents, and less fortunate citizens, and to devise and establish various agencies for the improvement of conditions, moral and physical. Hull House, the Juvenile Court, the first civic playground—in the beginnings and maintenance of these and other admirable efforts she played her part. A rich woman, she has always given freely and usefully of money; more freely and usefully of herself. But her book is far from being a chronicle of philanthropic activities only. Interesting as those are, it is probable that many readers will enjoy most keenly the earlier chapters, which relate with humor, spirit, and charm the author's childhood and girlhood in the incredibly remote and different Chicago of the days just before and after the great fire. How the little girl was chased down the street by a bull and her companion tossed just opposite the present Auditorium Hotel, how she once found the body of a murdered man crammed under the board sidewalk, how as the stylish "Miss Louise" driving a smart dog-cart she was pelted with stones and rotten eggs by free-and-equal fellow-citizens who objected to her footman wearing livery—it is all capital reading and illuminating history.

History and Politics

THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES BY THE UNITED STATES, 1898–1925. By Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mr. Storey, the eminent lawyer and good citizen, is known to every one. Mr. Lichauco is the first Filipino graduate of Harvard University. The authors undertake to show that our assumption of sovereignty over the Philippines was absolutely unwarranted, that our war of conquest there was characterized by unspeakable outrages on a large scale, and that the Philippine policy of all Washington Administrations from McKinley's down (except for the two Administrations of Mr. Wilson) has been disingenuous and determined by the sinister designs of American capitalists. The argument is powerfully developed, but completely one-sided. No doubt, for example, there was misbehavior by American troops; but Mr. Storey has been outrageously misled as to its extent. His citations (for, apparently, Mr. Storey is author-in-chief) from soldiers' letters are quite uncritical. He contends that the Filipinos have sufficiently demonstrated capacity for self-goverment and that complete independence should be granted them at once. Full discount made for exaggerations, the argument must win powerfully upon the reader, to whom we recommend, to restore the judicial balance of his mind on this great question, the book by D. R. Williams entitled "The United States and the Philipppines."

INDIA. By Sir Valentine Chirol. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This is a volume in "The Modern World Series," edited by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. The aim of that series is "to provide a balanced survey, with such historical illustrations as are necessary, of the tendencies and forces, political, economic, intellectual, which are molding the lives of contemporary States."

For India that aim is adequately realized by Sir Valentine, despite the peculiar difficulty of the subject. The background is sufficiently sketched in and the developments from which the present so "questionable" situation has resulted are skillfully traced. From this remarkable book the general reader should be able to form a just idea of that supremely important situation. On the whole, Sir Valentine is optimistic.

FOUR YEARS BENEATH THE CRESCENT. By Rafael de Nogales. Translated from the Spanish by Muna Lee. With an Introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Davis, D.S.M., D.S.O. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The myth of a guilty nation now being entirely dispelled (by Professor Barnes), it is time that the Turks were cleared of complicity in the Armenian massacres during the World War. This is now done by Nogales Bey, a gallant Venezuelan soldier of fortune who turned to the Turkish and the German armies after his services had been rejected with much lack of courtesy by the Entente. He became Inspector-General of the Turkish Forces in Armenia and Military Governor of Egyptian Sinai. His hosts, after discovering that the chiel in their midst was taking more notes than they had bargained for, made several courteous efforts to murder him—attempts which he foiled with equal insouciance. But he bears no malice. He maintains that "there can be no doubt that the Turk, in spite of all his defects, is the first soldier and the first gentleman of the Orient," and as an eye-witness he testifies that "the Regular Army of the Ottomans was entirely innocent of the Armenian massacres." The novelty of the Bey's point of view combines with his picturesque style to make extremely good reading.

Travel

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI. By Vincent Sheean. The Century Company, New York and London. $3.50.

Mr. Sheean's adventurous fact is ten times more absorbing than any fiction of the same sort that has been published in this or many seasons. As in an exciting novel, it is difficult in reading the book not to look ahead to see whether he ever did escape from his detention by the Metalsa, and whether he actually succeeded in getting his interview with the fabulous Abd-el-Krim. The latter's name is, more correctly, Mohammed Abd-el-Krim, his father's name being Abd-el-Krim. In other languages his name would presumably be ap Krim or Krimson. The interpolated story of the Caid-el-Hadj, a German-Mohammedan Robin Hood, is in the best picaresque tradition, and, to fill the cup to overflowing, we assist at the capture of Raisuli, the villain of "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," Roosevelt's famous ultimatum.

The War

ISVOLSKY AND THE WORLD WAR: By Frederich Stieve. Translated from the German by E. W. Dickes. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.

This book is an attempt to fix the chief blame for the origin of the World War upon Isvolsky and Poincaré, the argument being based chiefly on the diplomatic correspondence of A. P. Isvolsky, Russian Ambassador to France 1911–14, included in the collection published by the Soviet Government under the title "Material for the History of Franco-Russian Relations, 1910–14." The material is handled cleverly and the argument is developed with some ingenuity, but it leaves this reviewer cold. Isvolsky was a good deal of an ass, and what is gained by flogging a dead ass? As for Poincaré, it is not shown that the passages quoted unto his damnation hang anything whatever on him in the sense charged.

Sociology

THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By J. L Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.75.

An attempt to set forth the origins, the character, and the significance of the Industrial Revolution—how it has altered the face of things, substituting for the divine right of kings the divine right of capitalists, demoralizing society and making the pursuit of wealth your only good; and the birth (the study halts at the middle of the nineteenth century) of offsetting tendencies, the beginnings of organized efforts (including creation of such institutions as the Civil Service, the trade unions, and the system of factory law) toward effectively restraining the new tyranny, toward evolving a new genuine society out of the social chaos induced by the Industrial Revolution. A fascinating and instructive book.

THE STORY OF AN EPOCH-MAKING MOVEMENT. By Maud Nathan. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

It is with a picture of the frightful conditions in the mercantile stores of New York City thirty-five years ago that Mrs. Nathan opens her "story" of the Consumers' League. One who remembers those conditions cannot but say that the picture is drawn with restraint. The Working Woman's Society, of which Alice Woodbridge was secretary, had made an industrial study of the retail shops in the winter of 1889–90 and had won the interest and support of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. A mass-meeting on May 6, 1890, gave the impetus to the formation of the League, eight months later. What the League has accomplished in spite of all the baffling obstacles that beset its path is told in this book. No one who reads it will quarrel with the attribute of "epoch-making" to a movement with so worthy a record. It is a record, moreover, that is not closed and that carries the promise of broader achievement. Very likely the intervention of organized consumers in the problems of industry, so successful in this one field, may produce effects making, as the author believes, for "the complete democratization of the economic world."

Railroads

THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS. By Robert E. Riegel. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

An immense amount of research has been done in getting together the material for this work. It is, in a sense, a pioneer study, for apparently no other one among the many writers on the subject of railroads has attempted to cover the general field of railroad history. Even this one surveys but half the field, since it is limited to the roads west of the Mississippi. All the aspects of the subject are treated—the engineering, financial, political, industrial, and whatever else may be. The difference in the problems that confronted the Western builders and those of the East is strongly accented. The physical obstacles the lack of local capital, the scarcity of labor, and the meagerness of population in the transmississippi region in the early days combined to make a situation in striking contrast with the situation in the East. It was only with the first decade of the twentieth century that the railroad history of the West became merged into that of the Nation. The book is intended for the general reader, and the style is "popular." This quality is not attained, however, as so often happens, by a sacrifice of accuracy. There is no overplus of detail, but enough is given to support and carry the narrative, and what is given is dependable.

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Free for All

Leo

THE appreciation of the Newfoundland dog by Don Seitz in The Outlook of June 16 will touch the heart of any one who ever possessed one of these noble animals.

When I was a small boy, in the 70's, there joined a large household of children of which the writer was one a great dog of this breed. He was less than a year old, and was a gift from a childless home because he hungered for companionship of children. Until he died of old age Leo was the playmate and guardian of all.

Leo's noble broad head and benevolent great eyes seemed to make him human. Nothing done by any child or youth in the family could disturb his good nature and tolerance. He would rough and tumble with the growing boys, submitting to any pranks with no sign of anything except the best of good nature. A child could take a bone from his mouth; he would drag skater or child on sled, clinging to his tail, across the ice. The baby could fall asleep upon his prone body and he would not stir, except to wag his tail or wink at you, as it were, telling you in dog language that he knew that baby was weak and little and must not be disturbed or awakened.

When young folks went to the shore for bathing, he rushed eagerly ahead, carrying a bathing-suit for some one in his mouth. Mother never worried so long as Leo was with the children. During the bathing hour he never ceased his care. Standing in the shoal water, he watched each and all. If any ventured out into deeper water beyond his idea of prudence, he swam out beside him and escorted him until back in the shoal water. On at least two occasions young wags pretended distress; one was seized by the hair, the other by bathing-trunks and "rescued." They learned a lesson.

His benevolent nature was frequently in evidence. A small dog, not used to water, was tossed by his owner beyond his depth and was making a terrified effort to reach the shore. Leo sprang to his side and walked beside him, with mouth half open, ready to seize him should he appear to sink.

Like all dogs, he liked at times to chase cats, but when a kitten crouched in terror he would look down upon it pityingly and then walk away. Ready as he was for a scrap with a dog of his size, he walked along with majestic tread and scorn when snapped at and barked at by smaller dogs. When patience ceased to be a virtue any longer, there was a quick scuffle with angry growls; the smaller dog found himself on his back, paws in air, begging for mercy, but unhurt. Resting his paw on the breast of his small foe, Leo would give an admonitory growl and then walk away, "too proud to fight" a smaller and weaker opponent. At meal-time he waited for the cat to eat first, but it is only fair to say that he never allowed her to change her mind when she once turned from the dish.

In the late evening when let out into the grounds he circled the house, gave a gruff warning bark toward each of the far corners, and then returned to lie down and sleep. Yet occasionally the wagging tail would pound out a welcome to some late home-comer, recognizing the familiar footsteps of different members of the family long before their presence was known to the mother who waited to know that all her children were under the family roof-tree for the night.

Dear old Leo, your Newfoundland heart was tender and big and fine. Would that all of us were as noble in our conduct as you! It is forty years ago since you passed on, but our hearts still beat with affection for you.

LEONARD H. CAMPBELL,
Principal Commercial High School.
Providence, Rhode Island.

Why Annapolis is Unfilled

IN the issue of The Outlook of June 16, on page 240, there is an article entitled "A Naval Academy Complex." Referring to the comments contained in the last two paragraphs of this article, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the reason the Naval Academy is not being operated at its full capacity is because of the action of Congress in placing a limitation on appropriations which reduces the quota of midshipmen authorized for Senators and Representatives from five to three. This limitation was put into effect with the class entering in 1924, and each year since that time the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy have urged upon Congress the removal of the limitation, but have so far not met with any success.

The Secretary of the Navy has consistently recommended that the Naval Academy be operated with the maximum number of midshipmen that can be accommodated with the facilities at that institution.

JOHN STAPLER,
Commander, U. S. Navy.
Room 2520, Information Section,
Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Why Ignored?

I NOTICED your statement in The Outlook for May 19 that the church press is decreasing in circulation. I am a college librarian, and have for several years observed the reference work done by young students. We have a number of good church papers on our magazine list, but they are very seldom read. This is due to the fact that college students have little time for reading that is not required. In preparation of semester papers they use magazines that are indexed in "The Reader's Guide" or some other standard index. Our church papers are practically useless because their articles are not indexed. Even the "Methodist Review" and the "Christian Century," the best on our list, for some reason have not received the distinction of being indexed and made available.

ELLEN CREEK,
Librarian.
Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.

Contributors' Gallery

OZORA STEARNS DAVIS was ordained in the Congregational ministry in 1896 and has held pastorates in Springfield, Vermont, Newtonville, Massachusetts, and New Britain, Connecticut. He has been President of the Chicago Theological Seminary since 1909, and is the author of a large number of books on religious subjects.

NATALIE DE BOGORY is the daughter of a Russian revolutionist. Since she came to America she has carried on extensive investigations among Slavonic immigrants and at one time had charge of the Foreign Information Division of the United States Employment Bureau. At present she is abroad making a first-hand study of social developments.

REMSEN CRAWFORD has studied Ellis Island for five years and knows more about it than any other newspaper man. He is at present correspondent on immigration for all the New York morning dailies.

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

TALKING-MACHINE fans who are looking for the Rembrandts and Rolls-Royces of music must learn to cultivate a great amount of patience. Otherwise the situation will seem all but hopeless. What fans must really want is a fairly complete—at least, well-rounded—music library of records, from which they can choose selections which suit their individual tastes. Since startling improvements—electrically cut records and scientifically designed machines—have so improved the quality of phonograph music, these aforementioned enthusiasts have a right to expect an equally high quality in the "programs" issued by phonograph companies.

But what do they get? A library of music fairly complete in the lighter, more popular music, strong on opera arias and the smaller forms of composition, but woefully weak on "bigger and better" music. Orchestral pieces are hacked and chopped to fit single sides of discs. And only about 2.75 per cent of the records have been recorded by the improved, electrical method. In orchestral music the improvement of the new process over the old is great enough to make many people unwilling to buy any but the new-style records. Among those the selection is pitifully meager. Three symphonies and half a dozen overtures, if memory serves! The answer is, of course, that phonograph companies must think of profits when issuing records. Not to do so would be suicide—and we should be worse off than ever. So the only way at present by which the public can obtain more good records in the future is to respond to the few that are being issued at present.

Two more companies—Brunswick and Sonora—have recently brought out new models of mechanical phonographs, redesigned to reproduce correctly the fuller range of tone and volume made possible by the electrical records. The Sonora is disappointing. While it is hard to compare the Brunswick with the Orthophonic Victrola, since we were unable to hear the two side by side, the Brunswick machines give very satisfactory results. They are made in four sizes. Each increase in size brings a corresponding increase in the size of the horn; the best reproducing qualities are obtainable on the largest model.

Phonograph Records

SYMPHONY NO. 9 IN D MINOR—Choral Symphony (Beethoven). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner, assisted by Miriam Licette, Muriel Brunskill, Hubert Eisdell, Harold Williams, and chorus. In sixteen parts, on eight records. Columbia.

Columbia has taken a courageous step in offering a piece of music of the weight and magnitude of Beethoven's Choral Symphony for performance on the phonograph. It deserves congratulations. The work is given in complete form, including all vocal parts. A reproduction of such length is bound to have its ups and downs; on the whole, Weingartner's impressive performance has been most skillfully reproduced.

The first two movements are, all things considered, the most successful. And of these the second takes the prize. For not until the scherzo does Weingartner seem to draw the best out of his orchestra. From its very beginning this movement breathes an atmosphere of half-suppressed excitement. The kettle-drums seem especially "coppery." In the opening of the third movement, *adagio*, the violins and 'cellos are strongly romantic, but the wind band is here disappointing. The choral parts of the final movement, too, are uneven. The women's solo voices start out shrill and harsh, but improve later. The chorus is at first ineffectual. But the last two parts bring out the symphony's solemnity and religious sentiment with an extraordinarily successful balance between orchestra and voices. The chorus launches an impressive volume—yet the orchestra remains in the foreground.

In their crisp attack and velvety quality the strings remind us of the Boston Symphony's. The wood-wind is in good balance—not so obtrusive as it too often is in a symphony concert. The bass is not as strong as in the recordings of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and would create a more effective whole if it were in greater prominence.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 4 (Liszt); STACCATO—CAPRICE (Vogrich). Played by Yolanda Mero. Victor.

A Liszt rhapsody on one side of a 10-inch record is, you may guess, only a fragment. Mated to it is a brief, iridescent piece which "shows off" an exceptionally true pianoforte upper register. Yolanda Mero plays with crispness and pert confidence, which gives the compositions she performs an added sparkle.

BALLADE IN A FLAT, Opus 47 (Chopin). Played by Ignaz Friedman. In two parts, on one record. Columbia.

Friedman exhibits mastery both in his technique and in his interpretation of Chopin, placing emphasis more on *nuance* than on breadth. The record has

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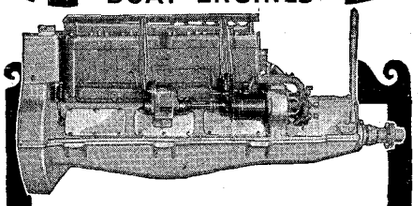

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reproduced the piano with a throaty tone; this may be caused by the individual record's hole being slightly off center. Any deviation from the exact center will cause a slight wavering of pitch, and a much slighter error than is noticeable in other records will take the edge off the pianoforte tone. Try two different pressings of this record.

LONDONDERRY AIR (Arr. O'Connor-Morris); **LE CYGNE** (Saint-Saëns). Played by Felix Salmond. Columbia.

Compared with the 'cello tone of Pablo Casals, Salmond's 'cello sounds stringy and reedy. With that out of consideration, Salmond leaves little to be desired in phrasing and eloquence. True Irish sentiment goes into the Londonderry Air. His playing of "Le Cygne" is its best recording we have heard—partly because the piano accompaniment, clear and prominent, is accorded its proper place.

FRASQUITA SERENADE (Lehar-Kreisler); **KREISLER SERENADE** (Lehar). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

Gay, mellifluous tunes that smack of operettas. Kreisler's tone is not so powerful as in some of his other recent records. He has not dominated the microphone so much, and has given the piano a better chance. The resulting balance is better.

CHANT OF THE EAGLE DANCE; CHANT OF THE SNAKE DANCE. Sung by Hopi Indian Chanters—group of M. W. Billingsley. Victor.

When the Hopi Indians of New Mexico recently sent a commission to Washington, five "chanters" recorded for the phonograph. The result is fascinating in its irregular rhythms and apparently aimless meanderings of melody. If sung solo, such music would be set down as improvisations. The remarkable thing is that five chanters can keep so precisely together.

Piano Rolls

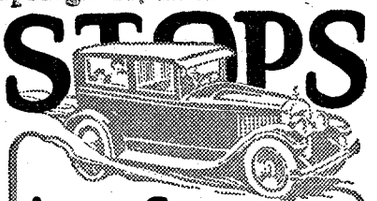
LIEBESFREUD (Kreisler-Rachmaninoff). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Ampico.

The same performance, reproduced on a Victor record, was reviewed by this department in May. Kreisler's Viennese themes combined with Russian pianistic treatment produce a decidedly hybrid result—but a musically interesting one. Rachmaninoff gives a bold performance. It is interesting to reflect that, while the reproducing piano gives the sound of Rachmaninoff playing an actual piano, not a phonographic echo of one, the phonograph record reproduces the *timbre* of the actual concert grand on which Rachmaninoff performed—not the *timbre* of an upright.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE—Tunes from the Eighteenth Century, No. 5 (Bauer). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo-Art.

As a composition, "number five" is not of outstanding beauty. As a faithful record of Bauer's superb touch and interpretation, this piano roll is far from commonplace.

STOPS



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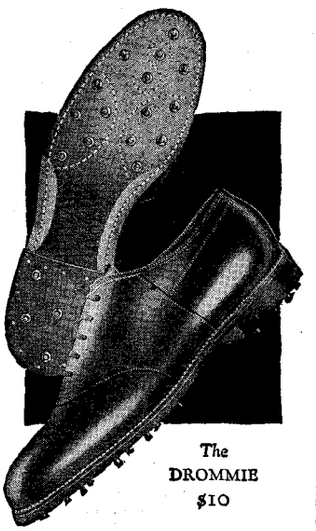

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By the Way

A PROBLEM propounded by Samuel A. Moss:

Last year I asked my best girl to marry me, and she refused. I got even with her by marrying her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now what am I to myself?

When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter; and when my father married my daughter, she became my mother. Who am I?

Another from the same source:

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister on behalf of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blew as it should have been blown, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Judged by the way things are coming to light, Pennsylvania must be holding a sesqueal celebration.

Walter Winchell credits the prize *faux-pas* of the year to a small-town vaudeville actor who, upon the death of his wife, who was also his stage partner, sent the following enthusiastic telegram to his booking agent: "The missus passed out last night from blood poisoning. I went on and did a single and knocked them cold."

During a fund-raising campaign in the African Baptist Church two colored sisters called on old Uncle Berry, an aged Negro who lived on the outskirts of the village, and explained the purpose of their visit and asked him if he would not give something toward the cause.

"Lawsy, sisters, I sho would like to help you-all along," he said, "but I just ain't got it. Why, I has the hardest time to keep paying a little something on what I already owe round here."

"But," said one of the collectors, "you know you owe the Lord something too."

"Yes, that's right, sister," said the old man; "but he ain't pushing me like my other creditors is."

We have just experienced one of the coldest Junes in a score of years. Several patrons of the Capitol Theatre in New York asked for the return of their ticket money, on the ground that the theater was too cold to sit in. On June 23 Andrew Bishop, of Malone, New York, returned home from a walk with both of his ears frozen.

Washington sticks to standard time. President Coolidge is the only person there who wants to save anything.

I hate to be a kicker,
I always long for peace;
But the wheel that does the squeaking
Is the wheel that gets the grease.

Thus philosophizes the "Christian Register." And the "Lookout" adds:

But neither should we blow nor boast
And thus achievement steal,
For the steam that blows the whistle
Never turns the wheel.

In "First Aids for Golfers" Grantland Rice writes: "If you at first don't succeed, try looking at the ball." "He who swings and lifts his head will say things better left unsaid." "Never mind about hitting it a mile. If you do, you won't."

It must not be forgotten that the prodigal son is usually the most popular member of the family.

There are now 894 broadcasting stations in operation in the entire world. According to the Department of Commerce, 534 of these stations are in the United States. Canada has 54; Australia, 24; Spain, 22; Mexico, Sweden, and Germany, 20 each; the United Kingdom, 19; France, 19; Cuba, 18; Brazil, 16; Finland, 12; and India, 11. Russia is unofficially reported to have 17 stations. Africa, it seems, is the only continent which has definitely repudiated radio. The people tried it, disliked it, and cast it out. If their programs were anything like some of those in America, we can hardly blame them.

"My razor doesn't cut at all."

"Why, Henry, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oil-cloth?"

B. W. Cohoon, chief dry agent stationed at Los Angeles, smelled a rat when he was handed a card by one Joseph Moore with the words "Interior Decorator" under the name. Mr. Cohoon looked up Joe Moore at the address on the card, and found a still and a large quantity of assorted liquors.

From the "Tourist News:"

A woman breezed into the Pheil Hotel the other day and asked the clerk, "Do you mind dogs?"

"We most certainly do, madam."

"Oh, how nice! And will you mind this one for me while I shop?"

Enticing invitation painted on a wall opposite the railway station in the chief city of the tidy little State of Delaware: "Where Capital, Labor and Legislation combine to make Industry and Business pleasant and profitable.—Wilmington Chamber of Commerce."

Another sign which hangs over the door of No. 1 Patchin Place: "Ring Bell; Don't Kick Door."

Mr. F. H. Varney sends us the following, copied from a notice to guests in a hotel at Innsbruck, Austria:

"The departure has to be announced in the hotel office until 3 P.M. at least.

"Meals taken in the room is a raive of price of 30 per cent.

"Adhesion for stolen objects from rooms by closed doors cannot be accepted but the legal maximum amount.

"For money one objects of value only giving them in depot in our hotel office.

"It is not allowed to make use of electric apparats as smothering etc. in the rooms.

"No allowance by the police to bring dogs in our publicrooms (dining room etc.)

"Taxe for dogs 2 schilling a day food included."

The New York "World" has been running an exposé of the quality of booze being offered for sale in New York City. The champagne which sells from thirty dollars to forty dollars a quart in the night clubs was never imported, claims the "World." It was made in dingy East Side cellars, at the cost of about two dollars a bottle. Even the night club proprietors themselves testify to-day that there is much less drinking in their resorts than there was a year ago. They have said to their friends: "Provided prohibition can hang on long enough, night clubs will go dry for two reasons—the price and the poor quality. The present brands of liquor will eventually drive every drinker of it to his grave, via the kidney route."

Wife: "That boy of ours gets more like you every day."

Husband (meekly): "What's he been up to now?"

The familiar quotation from Shakespeare suggested by the letters K I N I is "A little more than kin and less than kind."

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